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ART. I.—*De l'Instinct et de l'Intelligence des Animaux.* Par P. Flourens, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences et Membre de l'Académie Française (Institut de France), Professeur de Physiologie Comparée au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris. Troisième Edition, entièrement Refondue et Augmentée. [*On the Instinct and Intelligence of Animals.* By P. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and Member of the French Academy, Professor of Comparative Physiology at the Museum of Natural History of Paris]. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. 1851.

WE had the pleasure of introducing M. Flourens to our readers, in an article published in December, 1852, upon his 'Eloge on M. Etienne Geoffroy de St.-Hilaire.' They will be pleased, we doubt not, to meet him again, and to learn from him what is thought by the highest minds in the 'Jardin des Plantes' about the instinct and intelligence of animals,—themes which have always occupied the attention of philosophers and naturalists, and which are constantly and familiarly discussed in conversations and debates, and in societies and publications, all the world over.

The little book before us is, in fact, a product of the 'Jardin des Plantes.' It is one of its fruits. It is a growth of the garden which has been fecundated by the Academy. The philosophical observations of M. Flourens are based upon the zoological studies

and experiments made by M. Frederic Cuvier upon the instinct and intelligence of the animals in the 'menagerie' of the Museum of Natural History during the long period of thirty years. Frederick Cuvier was four years younger than his brother George, and was born at Montbeliard in 1773. When George Cuvier was preparing his collection of comparative anatomy in 1800, he called his brother Frederic to Paris to assist him in preparing the catalogue. Four years afterwards the 'menagerie' was confided to his care, and he passed his life there. He secluded and buried himself in the 'menagerie,' as other naturalists have done in the solitudes of forests and sea-shores. Having caught his brother's enthusiasm for the natural sciences, he surrounded himself with animals, and occupied his time in spying their instincts, and seeking, from experiments contrived with ingenious sagacity, the solution of the philosophical questions which have been raised respecting them.

In 1810, Frederic Cuvier was appointed an inspector of the Academy of Paris, and he was raised to be Inspector-General in 1831. The result of his experience in these capacities appeared in a work upon 'Instruction in Natural History in the French Colleges.' Like every other man of sense, he wished to avoid disgusting children, by learned terminologies and abstract methods, while training them to observation and admiration of the surprising works of the Divine Hand. Curiosity and wonder can, under intelligent guidance, become worship. 'It is inconceivable,' says the celebrated Rollin, 'how many things children might learn if they only knew how to profit by all the opportunities which present themselves.' M. Frederic Cuvier advocated a proposition, which originated with Rollin, that there should be two kinds of natural history,—one for the learned, and another for children.

Frederic Cuvier was appointed a professor of the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle in December, 1837, and in July, 1838, a few months afterwards, he died. His pride and affection for his celebrated brother was such, that one of his last requests was,—'May my son place upon my tomb, Frederic Cuvier, frère de George Cuvier.'

The bases of the publication of M. Flourens are the memoirs published by M. Frederic Cuvier upon the instincts, sociability, domesticity, and habits of animals. M. Flourens presents his readers with a curious series of extracts illustrative of the opinions of ancient and modern philosophers and naturalists, upon the subjects of which he treats; and then he compares their opinions with the positive results of recent zoological researches.

Aristotle is the first name by which we are arrested. There is something sublime in the destiny of this man, who still reigns

over the minds of men thousands of years after every wreck or fragment of the empire of his patron Alexander has passed away. Not having a copy of the original Greek at hand, we are obliged to translate the quotations of M. Flourens from the translation of Camus. Every thoughtful reader will, we think, be charmed with the profound and delicate insight displayed by Aristotle.

‘The transition from inanimate existences to animals is made by degrees. A continuity of gradations covers the limit which separates these two kinds of existences, and withdraws the eye from the point which divides them. After inanimate existences come plants which vary in this, that some appear to have more life than others. All plants, seem almost animate when they are compared to other bodies; they appear inanimate when compared with animals. From plants to animals the passage is not sudden and abrupt. Bodies are found in the sea respecting which it is doubtful whether they are plants or animals. . . . The same insensible gradations which give to certain bodies more movement and life than others, take place in regard to the vital functions.

‘There are found in most beasts the traces of the affections of the soul which show themselves in man in a more marked manner. We may there see a character docile or wild, gentleness, ferocity, generosity, baseness, timidity, confidence, anger, malice. We perceive in many, even something which approaches the reflecting prudence of man. . . . We may apply here what has been said of the parts of the body. Certain animals compared with man differ from him by excess or defect. . . . Sometimes man, in regard to some of his faculties, has more than the beasts; sometimes the beasts have more than man; and there are other points respecting which there are analogies between them. As, then, man has for his share, industry, reason, and prudence, some animals have a sort of natural faculty of another kind, although capable of comparison, which guides them. This becomes more obvious if man is considered in his infancy. We observe, indeed, the indications and seeds of future habits, but at that age the soul differs in nothing, we may say, from that of the brute’s. It is not, then, going too far to say, that there are between man and animals faculties in common, near and analogous.’—pp. 42-44.

Aristotle gave the elephant the character of being the most tameable and teachable of animals. But he says, ‘One sole animal, man, can reflect and deliberate. True, other animals partake with him the faculty of learning and memory, but he alone can come back upon what he has acquired.’ Aristotle saw, from the brute to man, a succession of degrees. Man alone can come back upon his acquisitions, but ‘many animals have something which resembles the reflective prudence of man. The weasel shows reflection when hunting birds.’

Plutarch makes Gryllus, in a dialogue with Ulysses, ascribe more virtue to beasts than to men. Their virtues shame the human species. Probably this is the origin of the homilies

which have been founded upon the examples of beasts. Ants have been cited as models of frugality, and children have been told, like 'the little busy bee,' to 'improve each shining hour.' Plutarch himself was of opinion that beasts have little discourse of reason to soften their manners, and not much subtlety of understanding, but inclinations and appetites unregulated by reason.

Montaigne wished men and beasts to be kept within the barriers of the same police. He asks, 'Why does the spider spread his net in one place, and unloose it from another, and at a certain hour have one sort of knot rather than another, if he has not deliberation, thought, and decision?' Montaigne compared himself to his cat. 'We entertain each other with monkey tricks, and if I have my hour of commencing and refusing, she also has hers. His goose in his yard reasons, and concludes everything was made for her, the rising and setting sun, the fruits of the earth to nourish her, the house to lodge her, and man to take care of her, who, indeed, if he sometimes cuts the throat of a goose does the same to his fellows.'

Arcussia, a nobleman of Esparron, and a writer upon 'Fauconnerie,' declares 'that no animal reasons so perfectly as the birds.' He demands, 'if birds have not reason how do they contrive to find new inventions to oppose to the daily new inventions of man to surprise them?'

Leibnitz quotes with approbation the opinion of Locke: 'We will not deny that beasts have a certain degree of reason. To me it appears as evident that they reason as that they feel. But it is only upon particular ideas that they reason, according as their senses present them.' . . . 'When his master takes a stick the dog fears a blow.' But Leibnitz prefers to conform himself to received usage, and not to call that a consequence of reasoning.

Locke says, 'The power to form abstractions has not been given to beasts, and that the faculty of forming general ideas is that which establishes a perfect distinction between man and brutes.' Leibnitz was delighted with this view. Leibnitz and Locke agree with Descartes that the grand distinctions of man are Universal Truths and Speech.

Bonnet applied Hartley's doctrine of vibrations to the instincts of animals. Ideas are vibrations of fibres. Some fibres of the brain are sensitive, and others are intellectual. The association of fibres gives the association of ideas. Such is the mechanism of our ideas. Let us suppose that certain ideas acquired by man are original in animals, the direct effects of the combinations of their fibres natural and primitive, without imitation and without experience. The human architect must study his plan, but, according to Bonnet, the animal architect is placed, by his system

of fibres, at his birth, precisely in the state in which several years of study have placed the architect.

Reimarus, professor of philosophy at Hamburgh, published, in 1760, a work upon the instinct of animals. He clearly distinguishes instinct from intelligence. 'Every operation prior to experience which animals execute in the same manner immediately after their birth, ought to be regarded as an effect of natural and innate *instinct*, independent of design, reflection, and invention. . . . Some animals, more than others, have faculties analogous to human intelligence. Most of the carnivorous animals, and even of those which serve them as prey, manifest something resembling mind, device, and invention. Many are disposed to imitation, or are capable of being tamed, instructed, and drilled to different feats of skill.'

Have beasts language? Montaigne maintained they had, and if we did not understand it, asked if it was their fault?—*Elles nous peuvent estimer bestes, comme nous les en estimons*. Dupont de Nemours imagined he understood the language of beasts, and actually published translations of the 'Songs of the Nightingale' and the 'Crow's Dictionary'—'Chansons du Rossignol' and 'Le Dictionnaire des Corbeaux.'

Aristotle says, 'Animals understand different sounds, and can discern a variety of signs. M. Flourens acknowledges that they have voices, cries, accents, gestures. 'The cry of an animal may very well awake an idea, but it is not the product of an idea, and there is all the difference.'

There has long been a most improper mixing up of considerations of morality and Christianity with the questions respecting the instinct and intelligence of animals. No less a man than Descartes seems to have originated this error. He was of opinion that, after atheism itself, there was no error more dangerous for the virtue of weak minds than to believe that the soul of the beasts was of the same nature as ours, and consequently that we have no more either to fear or to hope than flies and ants. 'When they know how much they differ, they comprehend much better the reasons which prove that ours is of a nature entirely independent of the body, and consequently is not subject to death with it.' The instinct and intelligence of animals are subjects which belong to philosophy and physiology. The philosophical zoologist deals with them in accordance with the facts of zoological and philosophical science. He has nothing to do with any other facts. Protestant Christians know that the Bible was not given them to teach them physiology, and they see in the pretension to decide questions of natural history by the interests of morality, or the authority of Christianity, the error which punishes a Galileo for stating physical truth in a way which exposes a

false theology. We have observed with regret that Professor Flourens has not escaped entirely from this error,—an error equally injurious to the progress both of science and of Christianity.

Descartes, in his unnecessary anxiety for the interests of morality, imagined that beasts were only machines. His notion had prodigious success. No one was deemed a true Cartesian who did not believe that beasts were mere automatons. To turn him into ridicule, one P. Boujeant published a book, in which he sought to prove that beasts were devils. They felt, knew, and thought so much, that they could only get such faculties from the Evil One. The disciples of Descartes, by pushing his doctrine to the extent of pure automatism, went further than he did himself, for he admitted that beasts were machines which live and feel. However, he maintained that they were only machines because they cannot interchange their thoughts by speech, and only act according to the dispositions of their organs. 'They can do certain things,' he says, 'better than we can, just as a clock can measure the time better than a man can guess it.'

Buffon gave beasts everything except thought and reflection; or, in fact, he repeats in his own words the opinion of Locke and Leibnitz. He denies them consciousness of past existence, which is memory, and the faculty of comparing their sensations, which is judgment. They want the power which produces ideas. Buffon, loosely repeating the views of Locke, falls into inconsistencies. When describing the dog, he says, he understands the signs of the will of his master, although he denies him intelligence; and he makes him remember benefits and forget injuries, although destitute of memory! He refuses reflection to beasts; but he declares that the dog with game in his mouth resists the inclination to devour it, because he remembers the chastisement he once received, and fears the chastisement he would receive for doing it. He denies that the dog is capable of comparing his sensations, and explains his decision by saying the mechanical impulses of appetite have been overcome by the mechanical impulses of repugnance. Cuvier said that Buffon was more unintelligible than Descartes; and we may add his view is a sad illustration of what even the most intelligent persons will say in defence of systems accordant with their interests.

Buffon, of course, makes up by the arrogance of his ridicule for the feebleness of his views. He mocked Réaumur for 'always admiring the more the less he reasoned;' unconscious how open he was to the retort that he reasoned the more the less he observed. With the confidence of a manufacturer of declamations, Buffon pretends to decide the relative intelligence of animals, giving them degrees of intelligence proportioned to what he supposed to be their degrees of resemblance to man in form and

organization. Réaumur, who was an observer, or interpreter of nature, described the foresight and affections of insects; and gave them a superiority in intelligence over all other animals. Buffon ridiculed him for being 'attentive to the conduct of a republic of flies, and extremely interested in the fold of the wing of beetles.' Ridicule, we remark in passing, for once that it is the test of truth is a thousand times the sign of ignorance; and Buffon was ignorant of entomology.

Condillac refuted Buffon. If beasts feel, he argued, they feel as man does, or the word feeling has no idea attached to it. He says—'if beasts invent less than we do, and improve less, it is not because they have no intelligence, but because their intelligence is more limited.'

G. Leroy, although he confounded instinct with intelligence, studied the intellectual faculties of animals profoundly, and accords them all the characters of intelligence. They are taught by experience; 'they feel grief and pleasure, they avoid what pained and seek what pleased them; they compare and judge, hesitate and choose; they reflect upon their acts; experience instructs them; and repeated experiments rectifies their first judgments.'

Although we have profited by the researches of M. Flourens respecting the opinions of celebrated writers, we have not always had the pleasure of agreeing with his opinion of them. They may, we think, be easily divided into the two hostile camps whose battles have always been necessary to the progress of science,—the *reasoners* and the *observers*, the men who decide questions by their systems, and the men who translate the decisions of facts. Descartes, Locke, Leibnitz, and Buffon, say what they think, reason, or imagine;—Aristotle and Réaumur what they have seen. Great reputations in philosophy and science are not needed to make men supply by audacity, arrogance, presumption, authority, their deficiencies in facts. In proportion to our pride, we are all ready to lay down laws instead of interpreting proofs. Metaphysicians contradict physiologists, and argufiers ridicule naturalists—the man who has merely reasoned contemns the man who has observed, because the pursuit of science is quite as frequently a battle for renown as a struggle for truth.* But beside the com-

* This fact has recently received a notable illustration. Many *Pholades* were publicly exhibited at Brighton during the summer of 1851, perforating chalk rocks by the mechanical raspings of their valves and squirtings of their siphons. Among the persons first apprised of the fact were Professors Edward Forbes and Richard Owen. These gentlemen received the information thankfully, and neither hinted a doubt, nor took a single step to learn the truth, while the pholades were at work. But subsequently Professor Owen, as a vice-president of the Natural History Section of the British Association, has been a party to the suppression of the account of the discovery, and to the publication

batants, like the chorus in a Greek play, are the public with their practical common sense, who decide where the weight of proof lies. Poets are often the melodious echoes of the public voice, and repeat its decisions. Fenelon, in his 'Dialogue between Aristotle and Descartes,' records one of these remarks of good sense. Descartes explains the chase of the hare by the dog, by saying the particles of the hare touched the springs of the pointer, and drew him after the hare. Aristotle is represented asking in substance: 'But when the dog has lost the scent, what is it which makes him search for it?' La Fontaine refutes Descartes by simply stating his dogma in verse:—

'L'animal se sent agité
De mouvements que le vulgaire appelle
Tristesse, joie, amour, plaisir, douleur cruelle,
Ou quelque autre de ces états.
Mais ce n'est point cela : ne vous y trompez pas.
Qu'est-ce donc ? Une montre.*

Our readers will now be prepared to enter the region of positive observation, and find there answers to the questions: What is instinct?—What is intelligence?—What is reason?—What is invention?—What is free-will?—What is sociability?—What is sympathy?—What is progress?—when we use these words in reference to beasts and to men.

M. Frederic Cuvier found a beaver which was in the menagerie engaged in hoarding all suitable materials that came in his way—leaves, bits of wood, and mud—and building a cabin for himself. The beaver had no need of one, for he had a better cabin already than he could build. The animal had never seen a cabin, nor had any communication with any beaver to instruct him in the building processes, which are not traditionary, but hereditary, among his species. M. Frederic Cuvier supplied the beaver with all necessary materials, and he built exactly the cabin of his species. This is instinct. The movements of the mouth of a new-born baby, by which it suckles, are in like manner instinctive. Last July, we took from under the leaves of some aquatic plants the sperm or spawn of some *Limnæa* (a uni-

of an absolutely nonsensical opinion, that the process was chemical after all. Professor Edward Forbes has also published, in an article in the 'Westminster Review,' his opinion, that the question is not yet solved. The learned professor knows the prudence of silence when he is in the wrong, and we have not the slightest expectation that he will tell us what more is needed for the solution of a problem respecting mechanical operations, than that they should be explained, seen, and shown, and all the world told how to repeat the observation.

* [Translation.]—The animal feels itself agitated by movements which the vulgar call sorrow, joy, love, pleasure, cruel pain, or any other of these conditions. But it is not that—don't deceive yourself. What, then, is it? A watch.

valve mollusk), and we have kept them in a large glass full of fresh water ever since. The spawn was an oblong gelatinous mass, and the young, when first seen in it, resembled the little yellow globules of fat in soup. In a few days, under the microscope, we saw the form of the shell and head. After about three weeks, the young, not bigger than a small pin's head, might be seen separating themselves from the mass, and travelling slowly up the side of the glass to breathe; a very small bubble of air soon became visible within the shell, and the *Limnæa* had entered into the life of its species. Instinctive actions in the mollusk, the mammal, or the human being, are the impulses of the mechanism or organization and circumstances of the animal. They differ from the action by which the stamens of plants shed their pollen upon their pistils only in the degree of vitality and intelligence manifested. Time, mode, everything is fixed, periodic, fatal: the hands upon the dial of the watch are not more inevitably moved by the laws of mechanism than all animals are, from the polype to the infant, in their instinctive actions. Yet we submit the word 'blind' is improperly applied to instinct, because we see no reason for doubting that every animal knows what it is about, whether it be respiring, suckling, or building.

M. Flourens is of opinion that there are a complete separation and opposition between instinct and intelligence; instinct is blind, necessary, and invariable, while intelligence is elective, conditional, and changeable. Horses learn to obey man, and understand some of his words by intelligence. The beaver is fated to build his cabin, the bird to build his nest, the spider to weave his web, and they can build or weave nothing else than what has been planned or designed for the species from the commencement of existence to the end of time. The fish (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*) which constructs a nest cannot do otherwise, and when the male attends upon the female, during spawning time, he does it as his first ancestor did when the waters were first separated from the land. The word 'intelligence' is employed by M. Flourens to signify teachableness by experience and instruction. Everybody is familiar with the strange feats which animals are taught to accomplish. Monkeys and cats have been exhibited drinking tea, elephants firing pistols, donkeys and ponies finding cards or numbers, &c. But in truth these things are only examples of what can be done by acting upon the capacity which animals have of understanding slight signs, and obeying the dictates of fear. It may well be doubted if their fitness for being thus trained and disciplined by man can properly be called the intelligence of animals. No doubt this is what has been understood by their intelligence since the days of Buffon. But with the hesitation which becomes the emission of a new view, we respectfully

submit that the tricks which animals are taught appertain chiefly to the skill of their trainers; and that the facts which illustrate the intelligence of animals must be found in their natural actions, apart from human and foreign influences.

Fontenelle has admirably said, that 'Instinct is a particular art which each species of animals has, and which never had among them a first inventor.' M. Flourens has not less admirably added—'Instinct is an innate trade, talent, or art.' It is hazardous to compete with such masters of thought and language, but we must try to express our conceptions. Instinct is, we submit, *the intelligent and practical interpretation of its organization by the animal itself*. The pholas, for example, is born a living rasp, squirt and hydraulic apparatus; his foot is both a motor and a piston; there is within it an elastic spring; and within each valve he has a lever, while his muscular system is formed for the rotations of the rasp and the action of the squirt; inside the siphons, moreover, is a ciliary epithelium, just adapted for pushing upwards pulverized particles of stone;—why—the pholas was created, and every individual is born, a stone-piercer. Each part of his anatomy teaches him its own physiology. His birth, in its psychological or mental point of view, is his awakening or quickening to a consciousness of the use of his organs. He awakes and finds himself a stone-piercer. He cannot do anything else but bore rocks. He knows no other trade. His fearful and solitary nature accords with his work; he can live his life only in pursuing it; and when he cannot bore he dies. This stone-piercer is told by his instruments their use; they are himself; he knows himself by knowing them, and when any part of them is deranged he ceases to be himself, and perishes. Instinct is the intelligence of living mechanism. An American and an Italian engineer are at this moment trying to invent a machine which shall bore tunnels through the Alps, or the Apennines; the *Pholas Dactylus* is a model of such a machine, a finger-length long, self-conscious, self-feeding, and self-propagating,—a stone-boring machine, with the marvellous and august additions of vitality and intelligence. A steam engine become alive and conscious of its work, would be a phenomenon similarly wonderful.

We have not derived this view of instinct from books, but from studying the humblest forms of life in *actinæ*, and *acephalæ*. It is impossible to witness the births of sea anemones, pholades, or *Limnææ*, and deny that they are the commencements of intelligence. Descartes thought that men were born with innate ideas, instinctively imprinted upon the soul at its creation, born with it, and developed by circumstances. Locke refuted him in regard to man. He referred to experience what

was ascribed to intuition. If Descartes had meant by innate ideas the intuition of the organs, and applied his doctrine to explain instinctive actions, he would have stated our view of the low kind of intelligence called instinct.

Everybody has heard of the instinct of self-preservation. Our young *Limnææ*, which were still spawn in the beginning of August, are now exercising their functions of locomotion and nutrition. In the glass vessel along with them there are two old ones of a similar but different species. One of the old ones, whose elegant shell is about an inch long, is very voracious. He has devoured one of the physes, and often attacked the young *Limnææ*, whose shells are only about a tenth of an inch long. We have trembled for the few who remain, when we have seen them literally in the mouth of the devourer, whom we have nicknamed 'the emperor.' But they adhere by their foot to the side of the glass: he has not jaws which can break their shells, and is obliged to desist. One day, in the middle of September, while we were writing this article, a young *Limnææ*, which had left the glass, was found with its shell broken around the opening. When it was replaced in the glass, the 'emperor' made for it directly, and eat off its unprotected head and foot. Immediately after he attacked successively two others, but as their shells were unbroken, they escaped to a place of safety. Where was it? Can the selection of it be explained by blind instinct? They climbed upon the shell of 'the emperor,' and rode about upon their enemy as if he were a chariot. He did not like it, and wished to get rid of them. How did he do it? Was it by a blind instinctive action? He debarrassed himself of them by means as well adapted to his end as if he had read treatises upon cause and effect. He crawled out of the water up the side of the glass, until each of the little ones had to choose between leaving his back or leaving the water. As, doubtless, he calculated, they preferred remaining in the water, and, rid of his burden, he slid back again into it himself. When illustrating the intelligence of animals, M. Flourens says,—

'Here is what I have seen at the Jardin des Plantes. There were too many bears, and they wished to kill two of them by means of *prussic acid*. Some drops of the acid were thrown into little cakes. At the sight of the cakes the bears stood up on their hind legs and opened their mouths. Some cakes were successfully pitched in, but were immediately spit out, and the bears fled. It might have been expected that they would not be tempted to touch them any more. Notwithstanding, they were soon seen pushing the cakes with their feet towards the basin in their ditch. They slouced them in the water, and smelt them attentively, and as the poison evaporated they proceeded to eat them.

Thus they ate all our cakes with impunity. They had shown too much mind (*trop d'esprit*) for our resolution to remain unchanged, and we granted them a reprieve.

'We have had of late years a young *orang-outang*. I had opportunities of studying it, and was often astonished by its intelligence. It called to mind what Buffon said of the *orang-outang*, that he had observed: "I have seen that animal present his hand to visitors who came to see him, walking gravely with them like a companion; I have seen him seat himself at table, spread his napkin, wipe his lips, use his spoon and fork in carrying to his mouth, pour his drink into a glass, and hob and nob when he was invited, go and take a cup and saucer, place them upon the table, put in the sugar, and pour in the tea, let it cool to drink it, and all without any other instigation than the signs and words of his master; and often he would do it of himself. He never harmed any one, advanced with circumspection, and seemed to ask for caresses, &c."

'Our young *orang-outang*,' continues M. Flourens, 'did all these things. He was very gentle, liked much to be caressed, particularly by little children, with whom he played, trying to imitate everything they did before him, &c.'

'He knew very well how to take the key of the chamber where he lodged, to push it into the lock, and open the door. Sometimes the key was placed upon the chimney-piece, and he climbed up to it by the cord upon which he usually swung. A knot was made upon the rope to make it shorter; he undid the knot. He had nothing of the impatience and petulance of other monkeys. He looked sad, and walked sedately, with measured steps.

'I went to see him one day with an illustrious old man, a delicate and profound observer. An odd costume, a feeble and lingering walk, and a bent body, fixed the attention of the young animal from the moment of our arrival. He did complacently everything required of him, keeping his eye fixed continually, however, upon the object of his curiosity. When we were retiring he approached his new visitor, gently and maliciously took hold of the stick he had in his hand, and feigning to support himself upon it, and bending his back, and relaxing his pace, walked round the room where we were, mimicking all the while the attitude and step of my old friend. He carried back the stick himself, and we left him, convinced that if we knew how to observe him, he, in his turn, knew how to observe us.'—pp. 141-4.

Condillac thought instinct the commencement of intelligence; but, while agreeing with him so far, we do not regard this as an exact and complete statement of our view; we think instinct the consciousness of organization. It is the commencement of intelligence, because it is the commencement of consciousness. The pholas feels he is a rock-piercer, as the man feels he is a biped. Condillac thought instinct habit without reflection. The old weaver weaves almost as the young spider weaves, mechanically. But the difference between him and his loom is, still, consciousness. The animals which have senses superior to man are in a

certain sense informed of more than he is by them. The phenomena of habit are somewhat misleadingly named in connexion with the phenomena of the consciousness of organization. Although in results alike, they are really the opposites of each other. Instinctive actions are best done with the greatest consciousness, while habitual actions are performed most in accordance with habit when with least consciousness. Habit is the acquired facility of doing a thing, which comes from doing it often; instinct is the fatal facility of doing a thing without ever having done it.

Animals educate each other by means of the power of habit. Instances have occurred to almost every observer; but we gladly avail ourselves of the statements of M. Flourens in the following extract:—

“The nature of animals is never better seen than in the efforts they make to preserve their young, and to instruct them how to preserve themselves. “The she-wolf teaches its little ones,” says G. Leroy, “to attack the animals it ought to devour.” Who has not seen a cat teaching her young ones to catch mice? She begins by stupifying a mouse with a bite; the mouse, although hurt, still runs, and the kittens after it. The cat watches, and if the mouse is likely to escape, she springs upon it.

“The eagle carries his young upon his wings,” says Daubenton, “and when they are strong enough to sustain themselves, he tries them by abandoning them in the air; but he supports them again instantly when their strength fails.”

“At the time when the young falcons and sparrow-hawks begin to fly, I have seen several times a day,” says M. Dureau De La Malle, when resident in the Louvre, “the fathers and mothers return from the chase with a mouse or a sparrow in their claws, hover over the court, and call by a cry, always the same, the young which had remained in the nest. These came out at the voice of their parents, and flew under them. The fathers then raised themselves perpendicularly about fifty feet, and warning their pupils by a new cry, let fall from their claws the prey, upon which the young birds pounced. At the first lessons, notwithstanding all the care of the old ones to let it fall almost upon them, these awkward apprentices nearly always missed it. Then the fathers, descending upon the prey, and re-catching it always before it reached the ground, rose up again to repeat the lesson, and would not let their young eat it until they had seized it for themselves.

“I was able to ascertain even, so suitable were the place and circumstances to these kind of observations, that the instruction was gradual; for when the young birds of prey had learned to catch in the air the dead mice, their parents brought them living birds, and repeated the manœuvre which I have described until their little ones were capable of seizing a bird upon the wing with certainty, and could consequently see to their own nurture and preservation.”

Mr. Hugh Miller, in an interesting and philosophical series of

autobiographical sketches, recently published in the 'Witness' newspaper of Edinburgh, describes the commotion which took place in the town of Cromarty, when himself and another little boy were reported to be lost among the rocks. The fathers and families sympathized with the sufferings of the anxious mothers; and boats with torches started at night in search of the missing boys. We once were thrilled with admiration on beholding a similar display of social sympathies by a community of sparrows in the environs of London. One summer evening, some children, when playing in a garden, screamed, 'The cat has caught a bird!' Their cry alarmed pussy, and she dropped from her mouth a young sparrow. Of course it became the pet of the children immediately, and was placed in a cage to protect it from the naughty cat. Very early next morning the inmates of the house were awoke by the loud chirpings of sparrows. The parents sought their lost young one, and their comrades hovered, flew, and chirped distractedly in sympathy with them. This lasted five or six hours. The cage was at length placed in the garden, after breakfast, with the door open. It was soon seen which was the mother. She flew up to the bars of the cage in a flutter of delight; but as she did not see the door which was upon the opposite side, she only induced the young one to knock its head in wild flutterings against the wires. The cage was turned with the door where she could see it. When she descended towards the cage the second time, the little one flew up and beat its head as before; but as soon as she saw the open door she flew down opposite to it, and the young one descended to follow her, and out of the cage after her, flying with all the flock, in a chirping chorus of joy, to a neighbouring tree.

Herbert, the poet, when admiring the instinctive actions of pigeons, applies to animals a very lofty word. He says—

'Each creature has a *wisdom* for its good;
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow, but withdraw their food,
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying.'

Innumerable facts demonstrate that instinct is a phenomenon of intelligence. Instinctive actions are varied to suit circumstances, and this variation is dictated by intelligence. That admirable observer, White, of Selborne, long ago noticed that the nest of the chaffinch in the villages near London is not beautifully studded with lichens as it is in remote rural districts; and that the house-martin when a rafter, joist, or cornice prevents his making a hemispheric nest, makes one which is flat, or oval, or compressed. Wrens and fly-catchers have been known to alter their mode of nidification for better concealment. M. Dujardin noticed that one year when the death's-head moths were very

numerous, and by entering the hives of the bees destroyed many of them, the bees constructed barricades at the entrances, which prevented their enemies from reaching them. In bees, as in men, necessity was the mother of invention, and seems to have taught even insects something like fortification.

We separate from the intelligence of beasts what man drills them to do: we mean by it the consciousness of their organization and the acts they perform for their preservation and the training of their young. An Italian exhibited cats dressed as ladies and gentlemen, seated at table taking tea, but the show was spoilt by a wag who threw a sprat among them. A cat may be deterred from touching a cage of birds by hanging a whip upon it of which she has had a taste; and a full fed cat will not take the trouble to chase birds until driven to it by hunger. How fiercely many animals defend their young is well known. In regard to property they have a sense of *meum*, whatever may be the defects of their regard for *tuum*. A Kentish proprietor told us he had often seen the sheep bend down the young growing hop-poles to reach the tender sprouts. But a scrub of a sheep, who wished to eat without work, would now and then avail himself of the sprouts brought near him by the labour of another; and the dirty spunging trick invariably caused the aggressor to receive a butt upon the head from the injured party.

Education, self-tuition, and the communication of information, appear to be ascertained facts in zoology. In the immense majority of species, indeed, the father dies after fecundating, and the mother after depositing, their eggs. But not merely are there species which instruct the young; there are species in which the young instruct themselves. Young nightingales listen long and practice sedulously to learn from old nightingales their beautiful melody. When they have nothing else to do, young nightingales catch and practice the songs of other species. Huber seems to have proved by his experiments that bees can, by certain touches of their antennæ, inform each other whether or no all is right with the queen or mother bee. M. Dujardin placed a cup of sugared water into a hole in a wall. He dipped a small stick into it, and when a bee issued from a hive and was sucking the sugar he conveyed it to the cup. The bee returned to the hive, and was followed, when it came out again, by a flock of others, who went backwards and forwards during a whole day, until the sugared water was exhausted. The bees of the next hive close by knew nothing of the sugared water, probably just because they were not told.

Let us sum up our induction. What is the purport of the evidence? We find facts which demonstrate the intelligence of organization. Animals know by consciousness the uses of their

organization, whether conservative or reproductive, nutritive, locomotive, or respiratory. Wonderful instances of this kind of intelligence are the spawn of the Pholades escaping from the gelatinous mass in which they are born, and after respiring freely for a time fastening upon the substances they are to pierce, each according to his species, *Pholas dactylus* upon rocks, and *Teredo navalis* upon wood! The small beetles (*Bostrichus typographus* and *Scolytus destructor*) make galleries under the bark of trees, and each species a different kind of gallery. The diving spider makes a diving bell, in which it respire and lives under the water. Marvellous although such feats be, they show nothing beyond a consciousness of the use of organs, and, in the language of philosophers, are all referable to sensation. In some respects animals have the advantage over man in certain organic faculties. Everybody knows who it was who wished for the wings of a dove. Once when Dr. Chalmers was in a boat at sea, observing sea-gulls and cormorants resting upon the rocks, or rising in the air, or diving in the sea at pleasure, he declared he envied them their freedom of three elements. If a human being had done what the young *Limnææ* did to escape destruction by the old devouring one when they climbed upon his shell, it would be deemed an instance of 'presence of mind.' As for the bears and the cakes, in washing out the poison they displayed presence of mind and something more, a sagacity almost human. A company of boys would probably act just as the bees did in reference to the sugared water; and the barricades against the death's-head moth, which were only adopted in the year in which the enemies were numerous, showed intelligence to the extent of invention. Jenny Lind was compared to a nightingale; but it is a greater compliment to the nightingales to compare them to her in the way she learned her tunes, by listening attentively and practising industriously until she had acquired them.

Who, then, of all our authors, has come the nearest to the facts? We submit the name of Aristotle. He saw only differences of degrees, and perceived in many animals something which approaches the reflecting prudence of man.

A collection of brains preserved for physiological study, or a series of anatomical investigations of the cerebral nerves, conducts the student to a similar opinion. The brain of man is not of a different kind. Nothing is found in it which is not found in the brains of other animals. But when the brains are placed together upon a table, no one is in the least at a loss to distinguish the human from the surrounding brains, although inferior in weight and size to those of the largest quadrupeds. In nobility of form, in graceful folds, and in size, as compared with the body

of the animal, there is a superiority in the human brain which is truly admirable. The spectacle recalls the exclamation of Hamlet, about 'the paragon of animals! the beauty of the world!'

Nothing more dishonouring to man can be done than to depreciate the mental faculties of animals in order to remove them from comparison with him. The differences of degree are tremendous and immense. A sand is a mineral combination, as a star is; a toadstool is a plant, as a magnolia is; the face of a fly is a countenance, as that of a man is; but immensity is not too great a word to express the distances of the degrees which separate them. Man, the creator of the science of zoology, has chosen to place himself in it. But the distance which separates him from all other animals amounts to an immensity. Not that animals do not display traces of language, reflection, reason, education, invention, observation, sagacity; but that these words carry very small significations when applied to animals, compared with their grand meanings when expressing the mental operations of man. *Nil est in intellectu quod non fuit prius in sensu*, is a proposition which may be applied to animals; but in regard to man, his own consciousness rejects it when used to explain the phenomena of genius and conscience, of progress in civilization, or of duty to man and God.

ART. II.—*Bleak House*. By Charles Dickens. 8vo. London: Bradbury and Evans.

'BLEAK HOUSE' is the latest production of Mr. Dickens's prolific pen. The public has had to content itself with receiving it in monthly portions—a somewhat tantalizing process to the reader, whose interest is absorbed in the windings of the narrative, and who rises from every number with perplexing surmises as to what will be the end of such a character, or what is the meaning of indistinct allusions to something which has yet to be disclosed. It is needless to repeat the objections that there are to this mode of publication. Perhaps, generally, its chief disadvantage is to the author, rendering it almost impossible to produce that which when completed shall be deemed a good book. But we question whether Mr. Dickens loses much by publishing in this way. It is doubtful, whether, in any circumstances, he could work out a good plot. He is not very capable, we should think, of looking right through his story, and marshalling his characters and inci-

dents in their proper order. He sees so much of every part, and takes such delight in dwelling on it, that he is apt to forget the relation it bears to others. He reminds us of some short-sighted persons whom we have met with, who could read the ten commandments if written on a space which a sixpence might cover, but would be at a loss to point from the top of St. Paul's to the exact localities of the Post Office, the Mansion House, or the Exchange.

One part of his method in 'Bleak House' seems to have imposed a special difficulty in the way of preserving the unity of the work. As though it were not enough to break it up into pieces, one of which must be forthcoming every month, whatever the state of his health or materials, he has given to it the character of a double narrative. The tale is told by two parties, or rather is distributed to the share of two parties;—one is the author speaking in his own person; the other is a female actor in the story. Thus there was requisite the diversity of style proper to the fictitious historian, and a gentle lady whose tastes cling to the narrow circle of home life. Yet, in this, he has admirably succeeded. The work is Dickens throughout; but in parts it is the Dickens whose portrait we have seen; while, in others, it is Dickens disguised in the dress of a sisterly form,—the light of the quiet drawing-room moving about in household preparations, or silently going on errands of love and mercy. And not only is it her attire that is thrown around him, but a stream of womanly thought and feeling seems to have passed into his very heart. We know of none but himself who could have exhibited, in this respect, such a delicate conception of the female mind.

We do not intend to trace the thread of the manifold incidents brought together in the work before us, but simply to dip into parts of it, by which we may be able to point out some of the beauties and defects of the book, and, as we conceive, the one-sided evil tendencies which characterize some of the obvious designs of the writer.

The great centre, around which the events and characters revolve, and a glimpse of which is afforded in the opening chapter, is the Court of Chancery, that tomb into which the fortunes and hopes of so many thousands have slowly descended. A very fruitful theme. Perhaps it would have been well if Mr. Dickens had given an earlier exposition of it. Had his present work appeared twenty years ago, it would have been a revelation of strange mysteries to the public, and might now be looked upon as having contributed to promote the beneficial changes effected, or on the way to be effected, by recent legislation. As it is, he is rather late. He only exhibits in a stronger and more romantic

light what has been pretty well made known before through the earnest prose of plainer men. In this respect, he reminds us of a fact which has often struck us in regard to the sparkling writers who, in many things, profess to lead the age. They are no prophets. 'Punch' deals severe blows at abuses, on which the public eye is fixed, but seldom deserves the credit of discovering them. We have generally noticed that he has followed in the track of the less imaginative 'Times;' and even the conductors of the 'leading journal' derive their inspiration, not from their own genius, but from the communications of nameless men of business, who, brought into contact with the evils which still have their roots among us, snatch a few minutes from their ordinary avocations, and relieve their irritated feelings by sending an account of their wrongs to Printing House-square.

But if the theme be not altogether a new one, there is a freshness about our author's manner of setting it forth which is as good as novelty, and again awakens our gratitude that the nuisance is on the road to abatement and removal. The following is a picture of the wearisome delay attending a cause committed to the keeping of the Lord Chancellor:—

'The little plaintiff or defendant, who was promised a new rocking-horse when Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be settled, has grown up, possessed himself of a real horse, and trotted away into the other world. Fair wards of court have faded into mothers and grandmothers; a long procession of chancellors has come in and gone out; the legion of bills in the suit have been transformed into mere bills of mortality; there are not three Jarndyces left upon the earth, perhaps, since old Tom Jarndyce, in despair, blew his brains out at a coffee-house in Chancery-lane; but Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length before the court, perennially hopeless.'—p. 3.

The work contains several illustrations of the terrible working of the system. There is a little mad woman—poor Miss Flite, always in court, carrying some small litter in a reticule, which she calls her documents, principally consisting of paper matches and dry lavender—who remembers that she was a ward herself, 'and was not mad then, but had youth and hope, and she believes beauty, but it matters very little now, for neither of the three served or saved her, who has the honour to attend court regularly expecting a judgment, shortly, on the day of judgment, for she has discovered that the sixth seal mentioned in the Revelations is the great seal, and it has been open a very long time.'

In contrast to this weak victim of the 'system of equity in this great country,' we have a portrait and history of Gridley, the man from Shropshire,—a man of vehement temperament, whose little fortune and whose life have been blighted by being dragged within the vortex of Chancery. The costs of the suit, before the

thing was fairly begun, being three times more than the legacy to which it related. His resource against the wrong he feels, is to pour forth in boiling rage denunciations on all the agents connected with the system. 'If I took my wrongs in any other way,' thus he speaks, 'I should be driven mad. There's nothing between doing it and sinking into the smiling state of the poor little mad woman that haunts the court.' It fares but little better with him. The tumult of his fierce passion soon wears out his frame. Pursued by the detective officer for some violence done in his anger, he finds refuge in a corner of the shooting gallery of a bluff trooper. There sickness seizes him, and gives evidence that it will make short work of him. His host goes out to seek Miss Flite. 'He is on his last march,' says the honest soldier, 'and has a wish to see her. He says that they can feel for one another, and she has been almost as good as a friend to him here. I came down to look for her, for when I sat by Gridley this afternoon, I seemed to hear the roll of the muffled drums.' Here is part of the picture of the last scene of his poor history:—

'It was a bare room, partitioned off from the gallery with unpainted wood. The sun was low, near setting; his light came redly in above, without descending to the ground. Upon a plain canvas-covered sofa lay the man from Shropshire, dressed much as we had seen him last, but so changed that at first I recognised no likeness in his colourless face to what I recollected. He had been still writing in his hiding place, and still dwelling on his grievances hour after hour. A table and some shelves were covered with manuscript papers, with worn pens, and a medley of such tokens. Touchingly, and awfully drawn together, he and the little mad woman are side by side, and, as it were, alone. She sat on a chair holding his hand, and none of us went close to them. "I told you what would come of it and see here! Look at us; look at us." He drew the hand of Miss Flite through his arm, and brought her something nearer to him. "This ends it. Of all my old associations, of all my old pursuits and hopes, of all the living and the dead world, this one poor soul alone comes natural to me, and I am fit for. There is a tie of many suffering years between us two, and it is the only tie I ever had on earth that Chancery has not broken."

"Accept my blessing, Gridley," said Miss Flite, in tears; "accept my blessing."

'The roof rang with a scream from Miss Flite, which still rings in my ears. "O, no, Gridley!" she said, as he fell heavily and calmly back from before her, "not without my blessing, after so many years."—
p. 248.

The principal illustration of the curse entailed by becoming involved in Chancery practice, is afforded by the wards in Jarndyce and Jarndyce. In the third chapter we are introduced to Miss Ada Clare, 'such a beautiful girl, with such rich golden

hair, and such a bright, innocent, trusting face.' With her is a young gentleman, her distant cousin, his name Richard Carstone. He is thus described by Esther, on her first meeting with him:—

'He was a handsome youth, with an ingenuous face, and a most engaging laugh: and after she (Ada) had called him up to where we sat, he stood by us in the light of the fire too, talking gaily like a light-hearted boy. He was very young; not more than nineteen then, if quite so much, but nearly two years older than she was. They were both orphans, and (what was very unexpected and curious to me) had never met before that day. Our all three coming together for the first time in such an unusual place was a thing to be talked about; and we talked about it; and the fire, which had left off waning, winked its red eyes at us, as Richard said, like a drowsy old chancery lion.'—p. 21.

One of the saddest portions of the work is the history of these young cousins, all through the influence wrought on Richard by the suit. He soon becomes the ardent, hopeful lover of the beautiful Ada. But this connexion could not emancipate him from the dreary pressure of 'the cause,' which shortly crushes all his practical energy. With touching, discriminating minuteness is told the gradual wreck made of his character by his evil genius—Jarndyce and Jarndyce. It paralyzes his decision when called to make choice of a profession. He has no choice. Anything will do. It is only to be a temporary occupation until the Lord Chancellor releases the fortune of fabulous dimensions, which is his and Ada's due. He tries medicine, and then the law, and at last purchases a commission, with which step he has come to the end of his narrow resources. Meanwhile 'the cause' acquires a more absorbing power over him. He secretly marries Ada, and wastes her little all in looking after *their* united interests. He grows suspicious of his benefactor, Mr. Jarndyce, because he may have an interest in the suit opposed to his own, and therefore is estranged from him. He then sinks into debt; becomes the prey of a crafty lawyer, and is drawn daily to the court as if it exerted a fascinating spell over him. Poor Miss Flite makes him her executor—'my executor, administrator, and assignee' (our chancery phrases, my love). I have reflected that if I should wear out, he will be able to watch that judgment. Being so very regular in his attendance.'

At length the suit comes to an end. There needs no judgment. The cause is pulled up 'suddenly. I would say—upon the—shall I term it threshold'—is the bland language of the legal gentleman. Richard was in the court when this terrible destruction came to his long deferred hopes. He was found sitting in a 'corner of the court,' like a stone figure. On being aroused, he had broken away, and as if he would have spoken in

a fierce voice to the judge. He was stopped by his mouth being full of blood.' His story is wound up by one of those touching deathbed scenes which Mr. Dickens can so well paint. The chapter is entitled—Beginning the World.

"I will begin the world!" said Richard, with a light in his eyes. My husband drew a little nearer towards Ada, and I saw him solemnly lift up his hand to warn my guardian.

"When shall I go from this place to that pleasant country, where the old times are, where I shall have strength to tell what Ada has been to me, where I shall be able to recall my many faults and blindnesses—where I shall be able to be a guide to my unborn child?" said Richard. "When shall I go?"

"Dear Rick, when you are strong enough," returned my guardian.

"Ada, my darling!"

He sought to raise himself a little. Allan raised him so that she could hold him on her bosom: which was what he wanted.

"I have done you many wrongs, my own. I have fallen like a poor stray shadow on your way. I have married you to poverty and trouble; I have scattered your means to the winds. You will forgive me all this, my Ada, before I begin the world?"

A smile irradiated his face as she bent to kiss him. He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arms closer round her neck, and with one panting sob—began the world. Not this world. O! not this! The world that sets this right——.—p. 618.

As we have said, we cannot follow the windings of the principal story, and dwell upon the many characters which are brought before us. Esther, the child of unlawful love;—her kind, fatherly, and, withal, wise guardian;—the proud beauty, Lady Dedlock, ever attended by the shadow of a guilty secret, and when it is no longer a secret, dying, exposed to the cold of a dreary winter's morning, at the gate of one of London's reeking grave-yards. Sir Leicester Dedlock, so narrow and so dignified, yet who, in a later portion of the work, exhibits one of the best phases of our nature that the author has portrayed;—the rusty, cold searcher out and discoverer of mysteries, Mr. Tulkinghorn;—the noble, wayward George;—and the fireside of Mr. Bagnet, presided over by that specimen of honest sagacity, 'the old soldier.' The Snagsbys;—the Smallweeds;—and the very useful, though foppish, blighted, and, at last, *magnanimous* Mr. Guppy.

For a picture of these characters, and of the scenes of joy and sadness in which they played their part, we refer our readers to the chapters and the illustrations of 'Bleak House.'

We must, however, give utterance to our thoughts in reference to the relation in which the author has placed two of the parties thus hastily mentioned. We mean that strange love episode which is introduced as going on between Mr. Jarndyce and Esther: not exactly a love affair either, but an engagement

leading to that result in which true love should end. Now, perhaps, there are no characters in the book for which the reader feels so much of genuine admiration as the persons who pledge themselves in this alliance. Yet surely every one must have experienced the sensation of painful surprise on finding that their marriage was likely to be part of the *denouement* of the tale. Stripped of the pleasant drapery, which the author can throw over the most unnatural incidents, the following is a plain sketch of the affair:—There is Esther, a model of sweetness and affection, whose very nature it is to love the fresh and the beautiful, and the young; who does, in fact, unwittingly yield her heart to a young surgeon, Mr. Allan Woodcourt, about to sail for India. On the other side, there is Mr. Jarndyce, one of the kindest, noblest specimens of the English nature, but who has turned the brow of the hill of life, and whose scant, silvery hair gives him the aspect of sustaining a paternal relation to his ward. Well, in the forty-fourth chapter, we have this aged gentleman speaking very gravely to Esther, telling her his wish to communicate something of moment in a letter, but will not do it, unless she is fully resolved within herself that nothing can change him as she knows him. ‘If you are sure of that, on good consideration, send Charley to me this night week for the letter.’

At the appointed time the little messenger is sent, and returns with the epistle, which is laid on the table until she has gone to bed. There it is opened and read—‘very impressive in its love for me. It asked me to be the mistress of Bleak House.’

A fortnight passed over, in which nothing is said by either of the interested parties on this communication, when one afternoon, as they are going out for a ride, Esther, being dressed before Ada, comes on her guardian in the drawing-room, and gives him her answer by putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. He said, ‘Was this the mistress of Bleak House?’ and she said ‘Yes.’ And then they fall into their old positions, as though no such eventful point in their history had been passed. So far the affair had a look of oddness about it. But we became reconciled to it, and content to look for a prosier finish to the history of the heroine than we had anticipated. We remembered that a great change had come over her since she treasured up the flowers left by Mr. Woodcourt. Disease had somewhat disfigured her face; she had learned that she was the child of shame:—two facts sufficient to banish the dreams of earlier days; facts, too, which imparted a character of noble generosity to the proposal of Mr. Jarndyce. But something stranger was to come. After the letter mentioned above, we read through about twenty chapters with scarcely any reference to the engagement thus made. At length Esther brings the business to a point. She went into her

guardian's room, shutting the door after her. 'Well, Dame Durden,' said the matter-of-fact lover, 'you want money.' No. She had plenty in hand. It was not that which she had come to say, but 'I will be mistress of Bleak House when you like.' And the next month is fixed on for the marriage. Meanwhile the young surgeon has returned, a gentle but heroic nature, abounding in good works, and his heart still full of the old affection which had led him to leave the bouquet for Esther with Miss Flite. He makes a proposal of his love, but in a very tender manner is denied. The preparations for the wedding go on, in the midst of which, however, the anticipated bridegroom finds opportunity to indulge his active benevolence in providing a suitable house for Mr. Woodcourt in the country. On a sudden Esther is summoned to meet him there. He is awaiting her arrival, and supposes she is full of curiosity to know why he has brought her there. They pass through a flower garden, and the first thing she sees is that the beds and flowers are all laid out according to the manner of the beds and flowers at home. It is the same in the cottage—in all the arrangements she finds reference to *her* tastes and fancies, *her* little methods and inventions, *her* odd ways everywhere. Such is the young surgeon's house, and not his alone. Mr. Jarndyce leads her out of the porch, and shows her, written over it, *Bleak House*, the Bleak House of which she is to be the mistress in the renewal of her earliest love! This is the naked story.

It is said matches are made in heaven: and certainly if this is a specimen, strange processes are carried on in the celestial laboratory; though we acknowledge that in the case before us, the product is as good as could be desired, and better than we expected. In our opinion, the best portions of Mr. Dickens's works are the pictures he draws of characters subordinate to the main personages of the story. He is especially successful in depicting the features of those who dwell amidst the murky gloom of England's lowest life. The gem of 'Bleak House' is 'poor Jo,' the crossing-sweeper, hapless representative of a class whose very existence from generation to generation cries shame on the land in which they dwell. He is introduced to the reader at an inquest held on the body of a law-writer, whose dark previous history has laid the foundation of the chief events in the tale. The inquiry is going on;—

"Oh! here's the boy, gentlemen! Here he is; very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. Now, boy! But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be put through a few preliminary paces."

"Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heard of sich a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for *him*."

He don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentlemen here, but believes it'll be something wery bad to punish him, and serve him right—and so he'll tell the truth."

"This won't do, gentlemen!" says the coroner.' (Jo's evidence is rejected.)

'That graceless creature only knows that the dead man (whom he recognised just now by his yellow face and black hair) was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and having questioned him and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, "Neither have I. Not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since, and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die, and similar strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, "I am as poor as you to-day, Jo;" but that when he had any he had always (as the boy most heartily believes) been glad to give him some.

"He was wery good to me," says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. "Ven I see him a layin' so stretched out just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. He wos wery good to me, he wos!"'—p. 104.

His dead friend is buried in a hemmed-in churchyard, 'with houses looking on—on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate.'

'With the night comes a slouching figure through the tunnel court, to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate with its hands, and looks in between the bars; stands looking in for a little while.

'It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. It does so very busily and trimly; looks in again, a little while; and so departs.

'Jo, is it thou? Well, well! Though a rejected witness, who can't exactly say what will be done to him in greater hands than men's, thou art not quite in outer darkness. There is something like a distant ray of light in thy muttered reason for this.

"He was wery good to me, he was!" Poor Jo! Dug up from the depths of society in a metropolis which calls itself the richest, the most civilized, and the most religious in the world—mud and filth help to keep together the rags which make a pretence of covering his person:—ignorance without a rent is the clothing of his mind:—yet his heart is not utterly buried. There is a touch of humanity in him, which may make the best of us to feel that he and we are one; and that we owe to such as he, the feelings of brotherly sympathy.'—p. 107.

We cannot follow the gifted writer in the track of the boy's mean, joyless history. We linger on the points at which he comes in sight. See how he leaves his wretched corner at *Tom-all-alones*, and goes forth to meet the tardy morning, munching his crust on the door-step of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.' See how, when the day changes, and turns dark and grizzly, he becomes the guide of Lady Dedlock to the iron-gate of the churchyard, where his friend—*her more than friend*—was laid. How he gets into the cold gripe of Mr. Tulkinghorn, and is consciously followed by the sleepless eyes of Mr. Bucket—how he is dodged about, and made to *move on*, until he finds no place for him within forty miles of London—how he is found at the brick-kiln, near St. Albans, shaking with disease, and taken to Mr. Jarndyce's house, where he is the unwitting instrument of spoiling Esther's beauty—how we lose sight of him, until after many chapters he turns up again in his old haunt, *Tom-all-alones*, his face hollow, and his eyes having an emaciated glare, vindicating his right to charge the world with having done its worst on him. 'An't I unfortnet enough for you yet? How unfortnet do you want me fur to be? I've been a chivied and a chivied, fust by one on you, and next by another on you, till I'm worritted to skins and bones.'

He is on his last tramp now. None but the strongest of his order wear long! We close our extracts by quoting the description of his exit from a stage in which he had played so miserable a part. He is lying in the corner of the Trooper's shooting gallery, where Gridley died:—

'After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as was wery good to me, wery good to me indeed, he was. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"Bye and bye, Jo. Bye and bye."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir. Thankee, sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

'Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin—a gropin—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink, as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father! Yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin, sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!"

"Hallowed be—thy——"

'The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead!'—p. 458.

Peace to the ashes of the poor outcast; and thanks to the author for this touching picture of his end,—a picture which will take its place with the death-bed scenes of little Paul in 'Dombey and Son,' and of gentle Nell and the Schoolboy in the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' as among the choicest productions of his pen.

It seems ungracious as well as presumptuous—and we feel unwilling to say anything in disparagement of an author to whom the public are indebted for so much pleasant reading—yet we should not do justice to our own feelings nor to the book under notice, if we did not indicate our opinion that as an artist Mr. Dickens is not perfect; while as a teacher his lessons are not always to be relied on. One of the faults with which he may be charged is that of *exaggeration*.

No one has a quicker eye to discover, or can better hit off the peculiarities of the odd members of our species with whom we sometimes meet in life. But he fixes his view so intently on the peculiarities that he can see nothing else; and when the portrait is finished, the man is hidden beneath the mask of his eccentricities. It is as if a painter in sketching a countenance in which a large nose is the distinguishing feature, should, for a likeness, draw nothing but a nose, and forget to indicate that there *is* a face behind, though not so much of it to be seen as in other persons.

Mr. Skimpole, of 'Bleak House,' is an example of the defect of which we are speaking. A well-known popular writer has been pointed out as the original of this picture. We have met with persons of whom Skimpole is evidently designed as a type,—persons who are so simple, that they can without misgiving impose themselves as burdens on the world,—babies in society,—babies, however, who manage to secure easy nursing from the less amiable members of society. We have often wished that some one would

take a whip and flog them into the development of a more manly nature. Perhaps the author has intended to do some such service in the character of which we are speaking. But unfortunately it is overdrawn. For a time we half thought that he was describing some crazed being whose madness took this form, and we knew not which to award him, pity or contempt. But when his real character does come out, our speculations are occupied with another subject, and we are at a loss whether to compassionate or despise Mr. Jarndyce for keeping his house open for such a creature to prey on his friends.

Again, Mr. Dickens seems to us to betray a conscious lack of power in resorting so frequently to the old device of painting a vile moral nature under an outside of ugliness, and sometimes of infirmity. In the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' the mis-shapen person of Quilp described in graphic style by the author, and exhibited in unmitigated deformity in the illustrations, helps very much to make him the monster he is in the estimation of the reader, and, indeed, forms a convenient covering under which to conceal the unnaturalness of much that is attributable to him.

In 'Bleak House' we find a parallel instance in the Smallweed family; all ugly as well as base, and the ugliest and most despicable among them—that is the oldest—doubled up by the infirmities of age. The result is a spectacle from which we turn in disgust, certainly, but the moral reprobation is mingled with the feeling with which we depart from the wards of a hospital, or from the lunatic's cell. Now we think that the corruption that abounds in the world is not always, perhaps not generally, heralded by such an odious exterior. And, therefore, if the writer wishes, through the novel, to hold up to abhorrence the vile parts of humanity, he would do it better by showing them in the dress they usually wear in the walks of common life, so that the reader may know them, and reprobate them when he sees them, and not waste his scorn and indignation on a fictitious creation, of which it is rare to meet any resemblance.

We regret that before we close we must speak disapprovingly of one part of the design running through this, in many respects, fascinating book. There is an evident attempt to bring odium on the pastors of the *unprivileged* sects, and on the enterprises of world-wide philanthropy which form one of the chief glories of the age in which we live.

Mr. Dickens has found it convenient before to introduce the ministers of Bethels, Zions, and Ebenezers, to his readers; and we regret that he has not been charitable enough to give a fairer example of them than is to be found in *Mr. Chadband*, a man whose principal characteristics are, speaking abominable English, stuffing himself with hot muffins, drinking we know not how

many cups of tea, and rejoicing when he can get a stiff portion of a stronger beverage. The pages of 'Bleak House' will be read by many whose knowledge of the clergy is derived from intercourse with nothing lower than the dignified gentlemanly rector or vicar; and we are afraid that the writer may wish to suggest to them, that the personage he has described is a sample of a class which numbers thousands in this land. If so, we can only say, that it is an insinuation which there are hundreds of thousands qualified and prepared to deny. We suppose Mr. Dickens has not had opportunities for judging fairly of the men whom he caricatures. We advise him to leave them alone, and to eschew allusions to matters which are beyond his reach. We understand what he means; and we can tell him that the violation of good taste, by what better informed people know to be scandalously false and mischievous insinuations, reflects no credit on his intelligence, and can gratify none but the ignorant and irreligious vulgar in any rank of life.

Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Pardiggle are introduced apparently for no other purpose than to serve as a mark through which arrows may reach missionary and other benevolent institutions, and their agents. The one is a slattern, neglecting her household that she may attend to correspondence in reference to Boriaboola Gha. The other is a forbidding domestic tyrant, making her children hate her, because she forces them to contribute their pocket money to distant objects. Now, if Mr. Dickens intended to exhibit these as examples of the friends of missions, and humanity in general, we say again that the truth of the picture is denied by those who are best qualified to form a judgment of the real household character of the parties here represented, and who will think that, in making females the ridiculous butts for his attacks on great institutions, he has shown a lack of that chivalry to which gentlemen of his order prefer so loud a claim.

It is evident that, by offensive personifications of the agents of philanthropic societies, the aim is, to hold up to odium the very designs of those societies, as being either culpable or unwise. If Mr. Dickens is right in this, then his censures fall, not so much on present institutions as on Him who gave all nations as a charge to His disciples, and on those who, accepting that charge in its literal signification, sought to carry it out. If this is what the author means, it would be more candid in him to say so, and not to insinuate, as he does sometimes, that he is a truer admirer of the Nazarene Teacher, than those who profess to act up to His broad commands.

The standing argument against Foreign Missions is, that they take away the resources which ought to be employed in meeting the poverty, ignorance, and heathenism which abounds at home.

To this assumption we have two replies:—*First*, that during the period in which labours among the heathen have engaged the interest of various parties in this country, more, a hundred-fold more, has been done for the health, the education, and the evangelization of the English poor, than was ever done in a like period before; and, *secondly*, this home-work has been done mainly, nearly altogether, by the same classes from which foreign missions derive their support. One of the sayings put into the mouth of Esther is, that she found nobody with a mission cared at all for anybody else's mission—a stroke of wit which falls most directly on the author himself, for, in this work, he is surely decrying every mission but that of befriending 'poor Jo.' We are reminded, however, by the dedication, that he has in a more practical manner enlisted in another mission, viz., the establishment of a 'Guild of Literature and Art,' which, we believe, has hitherto been promoted by acting a pleasant drama in aristocratic saloons before the nobility and beauty of the land.

We are not aware that the friends of more vulgar missions have taunted Mr. Dickens and his associates for their devotion to this object. It is, perhaps, very benevolent and charitable. Yet we may be allowed to say, that it is a work of charity which can be gone about in full dress without much danger of being soiled. And he who has chosen such a very pleasant 'mission' for himself would, we think, have done more nobly if he had left unmolested those who are engaged in missions of a less attractive kind.

We should have been glad to close our notice of this work as the eulogists rather than the censurers of a writer who has afforded us many an hour's delight. But we should have been wanting in what we felt to be the course of duty had we passed by the grave matters to which we have referred. We take leave of Mr. Dickens with the encouraging but cautionary counsel—Go on exhibiting to an increasing number of readers 'the romantic side of familiar things,' pointing out in all their deformity the evils that cluster around our institutions, bringing forth to daylight the dark haunts and characters which, as plague spots, are festering beneath the respectabilities of English life; go on as the graphic exposé of 'poor Jo's' sad wrongs. But be careful that, in your manner of doing this, you do not lay yourself open to the charge of being the somewhat rash, heedless slanderer of that part of the British nation among whom hitherto poor 'Joes' have found their best *working* friends. Nor vainly expect to produce the fairest fruits of humanity while you ignore, despise, or misrepresent the humble sowers of the precious seed of that divine truth from which alone those fruits have ever sprung. Trust not too sanguinely the fascination of even your delightful genius. You have done much to increase our mental pleasures

and to refresh our moral sensibilities, to expose many things that are hollow among us, and to charm us with ideal pictures on which it does the heart good to look; but neither your power now, nor your happiness when you '*begin the world*,' will be increased by attempting to sever the virtues of society from the principles which have been sent down from heaven on purpose to implant and ripen them.

ART. III.—*Sights and Sounds: the Mystery of the Day.* By Henry Spicer, Esq. pp. 480. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1853.

2. *Facts and Phantasies. A Sequel to Sights and Sounds: the Mystery of the Day.* By Henry Spicer, Esq. 12mo. pp. 119. London: T. Bosworth.

SPIRITUALISM, though but young in its modern form, has already a literature of its own, not only in the ephemeral reports of the American press, and in the notices of 'Punch' and 'Diogenes,' but in elaborate works written by earnest believers who are anxious to proselyte, if only with the view of lessening the storm of ridicule by which their new faith has been assailed. Even if the *doings* of the rappers had no concern for us, their *writings* fall within our province. A body of reputed facts on the awful mystery of the spiritual world demands attention on the ground that even if frivolous or false they may still be dangerous, and if true, more dangerous than ever. And if we suffer these reports, lying wonders or solemn truths, to pass without challenge, and worm their way into anything like general acceptance, we may be startled, after a while, to find how many men will first give themselves in blindness to the guidance of these communications, and then, when they discover or suspect imposture, their hearts, weary and ashamed of delusion, will utterly repel or neglect the teachings from above concerning things spiritual, unseen, and eternal. Besides, on the supposition that these spirit-words are verily '*tidings from the invisible world*,' it is incumbent on us at least to judge them by the standard which God has given to us;—we may not hastily suppose such a thing; but if we should come to this conclusion it certainly would not do harm to any one, so long as he held fast to the authority of the word of God. Neither would it excite great surprise nor tend to heighten our respect for these words to find, as we certainly should, that spirits out of the body could be just as ignorant and as untruthful as those that are still in the flesh. Without further preface, then, it is our wish to give a fair but brief description of the new phenomena, and then to offer some observations

to the effect that even if the things stated are true they are not worth believing. They may be a diversion to the young and idle, but they are not sufficiently consistent and important to claim any authority or to supersede any cherished belief, good or bad.

Mr. Spicer must be alike our guide and our authority for the facts stated—a pleasant enough guide; and as for authority, his is such as is derived from the contrast between former prejudice and present faith, as well as from frequent opportunities of personal investigation resulting in growing conviction. As we shall, therefore, be so greatly indebted to him, it would be graceless to make an effort at fault-finding. The main objection we have to the book is undue thickness, induced by the presence of a most unreasonable quantity of extraneous matter. We regret that we are not able to give an opinion on the more recent work of the Hon. Judge Edmonds on the same subject, but from his well-known character we may venture to expect from him a lucid account of carefully conducted experiments.

It appears that this new movement began in a small way and an old way, in a haunted house in the village of Hydesville, Mayne county, New York, first during the tenancy of one Michael Weekman (not a very inappropriate name), and subsequently of the Fox family. (Another nice name.) Mysterious noises were frequently heard in unlikely places, and at unsuitable hours. By gradual experiment it was discovered that by means of the alphabet intercourse might be established with the producing cause of the disturbance, and the information obtained was that the spirit of Charles Rayn haunted the scene of his own murder. Some of the young women of the Fox family went on a visit to Rochester, and to their astonishment, doubtless, the knocking accompanied them. And now the thing done in a corner had to undergo the trying scrutiny of a more public scepticism. Two committees of responsible men were elected to try the case, and they delegated the more delicate duties of their office to a sub-committee of ladies, who disrobed the 'media' to make sure against the possibility of any secret fixtures for knocking, and who concluded their toil by handing in the following certificate:—'When they were standing on pillows, with a handkerchief tied round the bottom of their dresses, tight to the ankles, we all heard the rappings on the wall and floor distinctly.'

The Rev. C. Hammond, of Rochester, had his attention attracted by these marvellous reports, and, like a good clergyman, disbelieved them, but examined into them, and—was converted. And we rather think that even amongst the clergy there are few that could withstand such very practical testimony as that by which the determined spirits overwhelmed Mr. Ham-

mond's doubt. Hear the account of one *séance* which he attended:—

'It was about eight o'clock in the evening. A lighted candle was placed on a large table, and we seated ourselves around it. . . . On taking our positions the sounds were heard, and continued to multiply and become more violent, until every part of the room trembled with their demonstrations. . . . Suddenly, as we were all resting on the table, I felt the side next to me move upward. I pressed upon it heavily but soon it passed out of the reach of us all, full six feet from me, and at least four from the person nearest to it. I saw distinctly its position; not a thread could have connected it with any of the company without my notice, for I had come to detect imposition, if it could be found.'—p. 68.

Afterwards he asked the spirit to move the table back again, which it did in an unsteady but accurate manner. Whereupon his doubt much waned, and shortly afterwards disappeared.

The city of New York, naturally enough, was very shortly honoured by a visit at once of the spirits and the ladies; and here a somewhat sharp encounter took place between some of the choice spirits of our side and sundry others of the other side. We were represented by such men as Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, Bryant, and—that Barnum of literature—N. P. Willis. Amongst the other party was Cooper's sister, who had been killed by a fall from a horse fifty years previously.

So far the rappists carried all before them; but it seems that even in such matters there is no sunshine long without a cloud. A family connexion, by name Mrs. Norman Culver, bade fair, at one time, to blow the whole thing to dust. Under the influence of some pique she wormed the secret out of poor trusting Miss Fox, and then told how these ladies were wont to make the knocks with their toes. But we agree with the author, and with the American public, that it happened with Mrs. Culver as it will sometimes with busy-bodies; she tried to steal a light, and was sent away in the dark. The one lady was guilty of deliberate treachery, the other of something which, on this side of the Atlantic, we should call fibbing. Therefore, the whole question remained in *statu quo*. But it was not the good fortune of the Fox family to retain the monopoly of spirit communings. In different states, and in many cities, 'media' were quickly multiplied, and we cannot but rejoice that there is at length some change in the somewhat meagre fare served up by the spirits for our entertainment. At Stratford, Connecticut, a most worthy intelligent and upright man became the victim of unpleasant and unaccountable circumstances. His name was the Rev. Dr. Phelps, and some notion of the unpleasant circumstances may be formed from the following:—On Sunday, March

10th, 1850, the doctor and his family, on return from church, found all the doors open, and everything in the greatest confusion.

‘Nothing appeared to have been abstracted from the dwelling, although the furniture of the lower room lay scattered in the utmost confusion in every direction. Upstairs a most extraordinary scene presented itself. A number of figures, probably eight or ten, constructed with great skill, by means of various articles of wearing apparel and bed-room furniture, were found in the middle of the room in a kneeling attitude, each having before it an open Bible.’—p. 102.

The doctor shut up the room, and took charge of the key; notwithstanding his precaution, however, he often found articles which he had noticed not a minute before in some other part of the house in this room, and not only so, but wrought in the most artistic fashion into a figure. During the space of many months an incredible number and variety of antics were performed by some invisible power, greatly to the inconvenience of the family, and to the utter confusion of all doubters. Without waiting to question the truth of these statements, all that we have to say in passing is, that the odd procedure was thoroughly impish, and malevolent, and purposeless.

A new and leading actor in this strange drama now comes upon the stage—the Hon. Judge Edmonds, a soldier at one time, afterwards a senator, an advocate, and at present, we believe, a judge in the Court of Appeal. He has long been, and still is, esteemed for precisely those qualities of mind which preclude the probability of his becoming the victim of an imposture, and for those higher qualities which forbid us to imagine him privy to such imposture. In addition, it is said that he was a sceptic on all the peculiar truths of Christianity. This man the spirits sought, first as a believer, and then as a medium, and succeeded in both objects. Not easily, or soon; but after some feebler efforts of the common kind, their whole strength was put forth. A card-table flew through the room, passing in and out amongst the company, close by, but never touching; a huge dinner-bell was rung by an unseen hand; ‘a table-brush was taken from the shelf and put into the hands of several persons successively and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it.’ Could unbelief stand all this palpable evidence? The hon. judge became a convert; and shortly afterwards he was encouraged to steadfastness by being chosen as a medium, to whom greater measures of the old power were vouchsafed, and very important new privileges in addition. As to the spiritual revelation, which the judge has been empowered to make, we cannot speak, but the effect on his own mind and character is as good as it is decided. ‘From being irascible and excitable at times, he

has become calm and moderate; from being occasionally stern and unyielding, he has become kind and gentle; from being a doubter as to the future, he has become well-grounded in the belief of man's immortality, and his redemption through the mercy of God.' (p. 123.)

We rejoice to hear this of one who in other respects stands so high, though we cannot for a moment admit the change wrought as any evidence either of the credibility or of the value of spirit-rapping. We have heard of a drunkard strolling into a glass-house, who, being terribly persuaded that it was all over with him, awoke to a reformed and renewed life. Thus the greatest sin and curse was made the channel of a blessing, and the practical joke of the workmen, falsehood though it was, led the man ultimately into the enjoyment of heavenly truth. So it may be, we do not say it is; with this case of Judge Edmonds.

We must extend our range of observation beyond the mere facts of individual conversions, and dwell for a time on the most remarkable feature in the whole movement. As if the spirits had been determined by a bold stroke to win entrance into the circles of refinement and intelligence, they substitute for the more gross and worthless style of their communication, actual contributions to literature, from many of the more eminent of those who had rendered their earthly day and generation illustrious.

Whether knocking was resorted to in this case does not appear; but there was a medium as usual, and amongst the spirits who have favoured the world with this new method of posthumous publication, we see the illustrious names of Calvin, Fénelon, Washington; then, besides, in the poetical line, we have Shelley, Southey, Coleridge, and some American poets. We are not struck with anything in the specimens beyond a general likeness to the style of their reputed authors, with one exception, under the name of Southey, a poem full of beauty, both in thought and expression. It is the poet describing his own decease, and we gladly make room for the two concluding stanzas.

'The soul like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown

Lay tranced in beauty; in its silent cell

The spirit slept, but dreamed of worlds unknown,

As dreams the chrysalis within its shell

Ere summer breathes its spell.

'But slumber grew more deep till morning broke,

The Sabbath morning of the holy skies,

An angel touched my eyelids and I woke;

A voice of tenderest love said "Spirit, rise."

I lifted up mine eyes.

‘And lo! I was in Paradise. The beams
 Of morning shone o’er landscapes green and gold,
 O’er trees with starlike clusters, o’er the streams
 Of crystal, and o’er many a tented fold.
 A patriarch, as of old
 ‘Melchisedec might have approached a guest,
 Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,
 And bade me welcome to the land of rest,
 And led me upward, wondering as I went,
 Into his milk-white tent.’

The prose contributions are much too prosy to insert, unless they contained something worth knowing, which they do not.

A new development began to attract attention about the time of Kossuth’s visit to America. The spirits dispensed with knocking, and had recourse, on some occasions, to writing; sometimes they gave their autographs by means of what they called ‘the battery;’ at other times, scraps out of the Hebrew Bible, or some very tame sentiments in many different tongues, so many and so strange that the versatile and vacillating Professor Bush was much employed in translation.

Public attention was thus gradually drawn to a matter which, from small beginnings, had grown into at least a giant curiosity. Men of widely varying faiths secretly opened their hearts to the hope that a new realm in Nature was unfolding its treasures and its powers to man. The press softened its scornful tone, and the pulpit broke its long silence in vigorous resistance, or in dispassionate inquiry, and even in advocacy of the new system. Upwards of 30,000 human beings in the United States were persuaded that they were ‘media’ chosen by the spirits for the transmission of messages on many topics; while a far greater number, of course, believed the evidence of their senses, and they willingly pay, even to this hour, their dollar a time for such information as they can get in an hour’s interview with one of the 30,000.

Tidings came across the sea of the wonderful discovery, and in due time the discovery came itself; it turned out to be an old thing in some respects, but thoroughly refurbished, and made presentable to an age not over prone to credulity. True, we have but little rapping as yet, but it is sure to come, though slowly enough to give wise men the advantage of some previous reflection. The strange stories that have reached us from abroad will, doubtless, exact a pshaw! from the man of independent mind; provoke a smile from the gay, and inflict the nightmare on the timid; but things may occur here as they have done in America, which, whether deceptive or not, will hush the pshaw of doubt, chase the smile of indifference, and drive the dreamer mad.

We are by no means insensible to the grandeur of the idea, that the shadows of all the past mingle with the present around the borders of the grave-land; but we confess to a preference for guardian angels and the 'cloud of witnesses' over the meddling visitants who are said to be amongst us now. The thought is as old as death; has inspired human genius for labours almost coeval with Time, and which will be ours, doubtless, until Time itself shall die; it has served through a long apostasy to preserve some of the influences of the hope of immortality, which withered when sin made it worthless, and in the pages alone possessing the Divine sanction, and still retaining such a burden of human poetry, the thought of the dead world is substantially the same. Take, for instance, the *sheol* of the Hebrew Scriptures, as it is pictured in Isaiah's roll. As far as any figure is concerned, the idea may have been taken from the prevalent mode of interment in the Eastern world,—a vast cave of tombs, in which princes found their last home; but the idea, at any rate, is that the region of the departed is one outlying the sphere of the surviving, just as the cemeteries of the East lie away, yet near to the cities of the living. When the magnificent king of Babylon fell from his high estate by the common doom, from which he thought himself exempt, the spirits of the mighty who had gone before are represented as rising up and coming forth to receive him, with the mournful greeting—

'How art thou fallen from heaven
O bright star, son of the dawn!
How art thou cut down to the earth
O thou that didst weaken the nations!'

But the New Testament has made the shadows of the unseen at once more substantial and more distant; *some*, we know, are with the Lord, and to their hands we know not that he entrusts the office of ministering spirits; as for the *others*, where are they? In sorrow and fear we leave them, and we believe they have left us.

As to the particular means by which restless mankind has endeavoured to interrogate the dark mystery of the universal prison house, they have been numerous, and widely various; but amongst them all none occurs to us (unless it be the somewhat mythical mode of summoning Satan by placing bread and cheese under a black hat, and repeating a blasphemous but consistent formulæ) so thoroughly gross, unspiritual, troublesome and useless as this new knocking, which is described as something between a woodpecker's tap and a coffin-maker's rap. Some of these incantatory methods (apart from their discoveries)

* Is. xiv. 12, Barnes' Trans.

may have been harmful, ministering to the terrors of the credulous, and unmanning by enslaving the mind ; but not a few have formed the groundwork of the noblest flights of human fancy, and like their kindred, the poems of all time, they have diffused through rude nature the love of the beautiful ; they have dropped comfort into torn hearts which knew not 'the strong consolation,' and they have served to arrest the frivolous and the proud, by representing the waves of the 'vasty deep' as rolling close to their very feet.

But this unfortunate knocking, tedious as it is, and so fatally corporeal, what can we expect from it as a discipline for the faith and hope of man, unless its revelations cast a grand shadow of importance on the medium ? For in the method itself there is nothing æsthetical, or elevating, or solemnizing, or generally influential, either for evil or for good ; neither is it well calculated to raise our estimate of disembodied genius :—so far from this, indeed, we must add, that if we could advise the supposed original employers of the method with the same freedom with which they scold or admonish their mundane friends, we should assuredly recommend them to keep to some of the old forms of spirit manifestation until circumstances shall enable them to avail themselves of the suggestions of our Bain, Wheatstone, Faraday, or other facilitator of intercommunication on this, the 'Day side of Nature.'

But the results,—do they throw an awe-inspiring solemnity around this rapping system ? Of course, if they prove to be of great value to man, and thus creditable to the enlarged wisdom of the spirits,—if they, for example, assist to or confirm a faith in the Scriptures,—if they explain any biblical difficulty,—if they develop any scriptural truth or latent beauty, or, to take lower ground, if they should save the world an age or two of weary research, by speedily building up for it a neat science of chemistry, or, by way of diversion, a moral philosophy, or a compact and practicable sociology, why, then, we should not complain much of the means,—nay, we might come to respect *knocking* as a very sublime (but we fear by that time), a very venerable institution. But all the results which have as yet come under our notice are so utterly trivial, that we suppose they must be intended only as preparatory,—intended to excite inquiry, and produce a sufficient amount of faith and expectation, and then the grand and the useful will come forth from their long 'looming.'

It will appear that we have written hitherto for the most part on the tacit admission that there is some truth in this strange medley. Tacit admission, we cannot withhold ; more than this we cannot afford. According to the established laws of evidence, an absolute refusal of credit would in this case be misplaced. It is not, like most

of the other great fanaticisms of the day, dependent upon the evidence of one man or several, and then on the number of persons who have professed faith in that original evidence. The whole case professes to be *self-evident*, and countless multitudes repeat that *it is* self-evident. It were mere folly for us to pronounce dictatorially that all these men are cheats or cheated, since the challenge is 'Come and see.' How, then, shall we proceed? When setting forth the laws of evidence, it is very important to remember that the quality of the evidence tendered should have at least as much weight as the number and moral character of the witnesses. Mere number, indeed, is the common and convenient test of evidence in matters not in themselves greatly obnoxious to dispute; but, to take an instance from events of less common occurrence and higher interest, if five hundred peasants were to tell a monk in Rome that the snow which destroyed their native village resounded in its fall like the voice of many thunders, he would account their report as a vulgar exaggeration, without any disparagement of their uprightness; but if one man, say the Baron Humboldt, were to tell this same monk that, happening to be in the neighbourhood when the avalanche occurred, he had made calculations with instruments such as he chanced to have with him, and that in his opinion the atmospheric disturbance was such as might have been occasioned by the passage of a vast body of the electric fluid, he would no longer withhold his cordial belief.

Hearsay, without reference to character, is regarded both by philosophers and laymen, as quite enough in matters which are important only as material for gossip; but when any fact vaunts pretensions to influence of any sort, every watcher of the intellect awakes, suspects, and sifts not only the numerical and moral value of the evidence, but the kind of evidence and the end for which it is offered. Every means must be adopted to secure the judgment from the disgrace of an imposition on its powers, and to ascertain that the new belief is as true as it seeks to be abiding, and as worth the trouble of possession and the care of retention as it may prove to be true or likely for permanent influence on the mind. In matters indifferent a statement is no more than a travelling companion, and we can afford to be careless; but when a fact comes to undertake high service for good or ill, it is like taking a wife, nay, it is taking an intimate from whom separation or divorce may be for ever impossible. To procure a passing assent it is only necessary that no prejudice or previous knowledge interfere with the likelihood of a statement; but to produce a conviction that shall be deep and lasting in a sane mind, it is indispensable that any statement should be serious as to the facts, and consistent with itself; that the aim of the

reporter should be neither sinister nor selfish, and that the whole style of the evidence should comport with the dignity of a grave subject, and with the firm freedom of a candid and generous mind. If any of these be wanting, the thing offered for credence will meet with but little of what it wants; but if all be wanting, the wise, we might even say the sound of mind, would turn away an ear already deaf. But when these are present, when the evidence relates to matters of manifest moment, when the witnesses are not only simple and straightforward, but earnest and self-denying, the candid mind will bow to the report, and accept its facts, even when surrounded by mystery, and beyond the range of common experience.

We make these remarks, not by any means with the view of exhausting the subject, but simply for the sake of indicating the main points of difference between the evidence of Holy Writ and that of uninspired human beings concerning the spiritual world. The latter (as represented by the Rappists) tell a tale, which seems to aim at nothing, and certainly answers no purpose worth proposal; whereas the Divine Word is burdened with an enforcement of every mystery, even if it does not actually carry half the explanation of its teeming wonders in the immense practical results to which the wonders narrated have conduced. Those Rappists who have attempted to describe their novelty, do not indeed hesitate to present the loftiest and most practical aims as theirs in all they believe and do—and to maintain that consequences too vast for imagination are in the womb of the new revolution. But we say, these consequences appear sufficiently assured without their aid.

In conclusion, we are told by men of sterling character, that something like a telegraph has been established between the inhabitants of this world and those of the unseen; that by this new medium they can decipher the doubted past, and scan the more than doubted future; that the untold secrets of their own hearts are suddenly aroused from the lethargy of a long forgetfulness; and their irresolution for the coming time is suddenly frozen into definite purpose and arranged plan. So they tell us; and how shall they be gainsaid? It is no trifling matter with them, for they are prepared to regard and to defend the new manifestation as a new revelation from God. The moment, however, in which they assume this lofty ground, we feel at home, we can meet them—we can defeat their claims. It is the old struggle—world-old, and older still. We may far more easily resist with success the claims of new revelations than enforce the authority of our olden and divine faith, for we can resist those by argument; but these must be carried home by a higher power. But in our resentment and opposition towards new and strange

beliefs, we are compelled to repeat the rational evidence of our testamentary faith; the more especially when the new views are to be foisted on those so patent and so dear, so cardinal and so experimentally self-evident.

In this unbelieving world we witness the strong delusion working mightily; they who will not on any representation believe the truth, are the ready victims of every novel lie. They refuse the strength of God, and thus continue in the puny childhood which they will not own; and so it comes to pass, that the wise and the mighty are ensnared by their supposed wisdom, and totter because of their very strength. Of those who have most conspicuously illustrated the effects of this always prevailing folly, in modern times, we need only allude to the Swedenborgians, and those who call themselves by the name, and swear by the falsehood, of a fictitious Mormon.

To the more thoughtful and cautious, especially to those imbued with a religious reverence, we beg to suggest that, whether these knocking reports are true or not, it does not much matter. If all that has been said about spiritual development, &c. &c., were confirmed, it should not excite more than a momentary thought of interest; it can give us no new truth (worth knowing); it will yield no results worthy of gratitude; it will be marked by no incidents worthy of astonishment in any great degree; while even the evil to be anticipated is only an increment of slight power in a long and woeful series.

We speak thus confidently concerning these manifestations, as not likely, even if true, to do much for the spiritual or temporal good of men; because, in the latter respect, there has been nothing as yet, and we can hardly, by any stretch of gaping credulity, hope that there ever will be a communication which will paralyse human effort in any direction by superseding the necessity for it. And as to divine and religious matters, we show our colours in this wise. The revelation of the New Testament is, to our belief, the Word of God; it is as yet far, very far, from being exhausted by any, and still further from being believed by many; notwithstanding, it is abundantly sufficient, either for the desires or necessities of our spiritual nature, and for our present as well as eternal guidance. We admit that former covenants waxed old and vanished away; yet, though it be a hard saying, we maintain that this abideth for ever; for does it not appear as a confirmation of the direct teaching of the Eternal, that men do not deserve any more? and, on the other hand, it is as evident that the Gospel has lost none of its mysterious life-imparting power.

May we not, then, take an early farewell of the new ghosts, as we took a rather late farewell of the old ones. These, like the others, may deter us from sleep or interrupt our dreams, but they

will not deter us from sin nor interrupt our heavenly trust. They may or may not communicate with us (telling lies or truth, as the case may be), but they cannot do the far more important work of interceding with our God. That is very evident: they are not sufficiently truthful and earnest. Shall we be evilly judged when we say that the Supreme Spirit who is our Saviour, having undertaken in our behalf, causeth all things to work together for our good, and take leave to disregard the question, 'Do departed spirits commune with the living?' even though a loud acclaim of testimony should make our doubt to tremble; as well as the minor questions, Do they possess the power and the corresponding honesty to assure us of the future, to assist our speculations in dubious seasons and fluctuating stocks, to herald the day of our decease, and to predict or reveal things which aforetime were supposed to be known only to the Lord?

ART. IV.—*A Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D.* By Francis Wayland, D.D. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE literature of modern missions has recently received some valuable additions. The earlier enterprises of the papal church are known to us only vaguely, and by general report. Much research is needed to ascertain their character, nor is it easy to determine their precise results. That they were illustrated by much heroism, and were productive of civilizing effects, are facts well known; but the principles on which they were based, and the means by which they were advanced, were both questionable and pernicious. Apart, however, from these considerations, their success has been only temporary, and has contributed rather to the deterioration of religion than to the extension and advancement of its interests. The rude nations to which they were addressed soon learnt to mistrust the integrity of their visitors. A superior civilization gave them at first much power, but mistrust and hostility were speedily engendered; and as the measures adopted were not met by the patient endurance of the Gospel, the establishments of the Romish church were overthrown, and its vaunted converts reclaimed to heathenism. Such is the general result of papal missions, but we need a more patient and thorough examination of their history than has yet been accomplished. The theme has many attractions, and would well repay the labors of a truthful investigation. The materials for a sound judgment are

in existence, but unhappily they are for the most part in the keeping of those who are concerned for their suppression. One of the best services which could be rendered to the religious interests of mankind would be a faithful exposition of the history and effects of such missions. The disclosure, if not flattering to the pride of Rome, would teach lessons of great value, from which even protestant missions might draw much advantage.

One of the healthy elements of modern missionary organizations is their publicity. We are free to admit that efforts have not been wanting to suppress some of the facts disclosed in the official correspondence between missionaries and the societies they represent. Allusions to this mistaken policy occur in the letters of Dr. Judson, to which we shall presently refer; but the spirit of the age has prevailed over the prudential suggestions of officials, and a thousand sources of information have been opened up to the public, over which no supervision was practicable. We rejoice in this. The general result has been good, whatever judgment may be formed as to individual cases. *For a time* the interests of religion may appear to be advanced by suppression; but in the long run it is otherwise, and we therefore rejoice that, on any large scale, the thing is impossible. Not only do the archives of our societies contain abundant materials for missionary history, but the works which are before the public, and have been extensively read, disclose all the main points of the case, and render the youngest amongst us intimately familiar with the spirit and modes of action characteristic of modern missions. We know of no instance in which permission to examine the correspondence of any missionary society has been refused to a respectable applicant. If such has occurred, it is without our knowledge, and would be regarded by us with extreme regret. To say nothing of the *Histories* of different missions which have been published, it is sufficient to refer to the *Memoirs* of Brainerd, Schwartz, Henry Martyn, Carey, Morrison, Knibb, and Williams, in proof of the fact that, however distant the field of labor, the spirit and principles of the men who occupy it are well known in England. But enough of this. Our opinion is sufficiently indicated by what we have said, and we hasten to introduce another and most worthy addition to the class.

Dr. Wayland's 'Memoir of Dr. Judson' is a thoroughly good book. It is calm, discriminating, and full of important details, some of them deeply tragical, and all-instructive. It is, moreover, pervaded by sound judgment, honesty in the disclosure of unpalatable facts, and a devout spirit, ever acknowledging the paramount authority of the Word of God. The author was disappointed in the expectations with which he undertook to prepare the 'Memoir.' When requested to do so by the executive

committee of the 'American Baptist Missionary Union' he calculated on a large amount of the correspondence and other writings of Dr. Judson being easily accessible. This expectation, however, was fallacious, as his brief preface shows, and it is really surprising that, in the absence of so much on which he had relied, he has succeeded in framing so complete and instructive a 'Memoir.' The skill of a master was needed to rear so beautiful a structure in the dearth of such materials.

Adoniram Judson was born in Malden, Massachusetts, on the 9th of August, 1788. His father, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, was a congregational minister 'of vigorous mind, resolute will, and strong common sense.' His appearance, Dr. Wayland tells us, 'left you somewhat at a loss whether to class him with a patriarch of the Hebrews or a censor of the Romans.' His system of domestic government was more despotic than comports with modern notions, and though not concerned for personal distinction, 'he appears to have coveted eminence for his children with more than a wise eagerness; and to have been in the habit of stimulating his son to exertion by the assurance that he would certainly become a great man.' On the 17th of August, 1804, Mr. Judson, then in his sixteenth year, entered Providence College, now Brown University, and 'his contemporaries all unite in representing him to have been a young man of studious and secluded habits, attaining to perfection in every exercise, and scrupulously careful to devote every moment of his time to intellectual improvement.' For a short period he imbibed the infidelity then prevalent, but the sudden death of a class-mate to whose influence this was mainly attributable, aroused him to a sense of his danger, and was happily instrumental to his recovery. 'He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair.' At this crisis the Rev. Dr. Griffin and the Rev. Moses Stuart, professors in the Andover Theological Seminary, visited his father, and proposed that he should enter that institution. For some time he hesitated, but at length resolved to accept their invitation, and on the 12th of October, 1808, he removed to Andover, 'not as a professor of religion, and candidate for the ministry, but as a person deeply in earnest on the subject, and desirous of arriving at the truth.' The result was eminently beneficial.

'The professors of the theological seminary encouraged his residence at the institution, wisely judging that so diligent an inquirer must soon arrive at the truth. The result justified their anticipations. In the calm retirement of Andover, guided in his studies by men the praise of whose learning and piety is in all the churches, with nothing to distract his attention from the great concerns of eternity, light gradually dawned upon his mind, and he was enabled to surrender his

whole soul to Christ as his atoning Saviour. This event occurred in November, about six weeks after his removal to Andover. On the 2nd of December, 1808, as he has recorded, he made a solemn dedication of himself to God. On the 28th of May, 1809, he made a public profession of religion, and joined the Third Congregational Church in Plymouth, of which his father was then pastor.—Vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

The change wrought in his views, though radical, was not marked by any special circumstances. It was deep and thorough, but unaccompanied by those fearful commotions which have agitated the breasts of some. The history of such a case may serve to calm the apprehensions of those who mistrust their own sincerity, on account of their not experiencing the terrors by which the conversion of some has been characterized.

‘I have often heard Dr. Judson,’ says one who knew him well, ‘speak of his introduction to Andover, and of the state of utter darkness, and almost despair, in which he was at the time. I have also heard him tell of the gradual change which came over him; but there was nothing sufficiently striking in it to fasten on the memory.

‘There was none of his characteristic impetuosity exhibited in his conversion; and he had none of those overpowering, Bunyan-like exercises, either before or after, that would be looked for in a person of his ardent temperament. He was prayerful, reflective, and studious of proofs; and gradually faith, trust in God, and finally a hope through the merits of Christ, took possession of his soul, he scarcely knew how; and from the moment that he fully believed, I think he never doubted. He said he felt as sure that he was an entirely new creature, actuated by new motives and governed by new principles, as he was sure of his own existence. His old habits of thought and feeling, to some extent, clung to him, but they were made subservient to higher purposes; and though he might still have his objects of ambition, they could never again be of the first moment. The change, though gradual, was too marked, too entire, to admit of a moment’s doubt. He had no exercises on the subject of entering the ministry; it became a matter of course immediately on his indulging a hope.’—Ib. p. 22.

It is not an uncommon thing for young men, especially those of ardent and sanguine temperament, to contemplate a missionary life. The fact is of frequent occurrence, and naturally arises from the warmth of early religious feelings. Awakened to a deep sense of the paramount importance of divine things, and grateful for the deliverance obtained, they contemplate with absorbing interest the spiritual condition of the heathen world. In the early musings of the renewed mind, the element of missionary life is often observable, and much wisdom is required to test the soundness of the desire awakened, so as to subject it to due scrutiny without interposing unwarrantable objections. In some cases, we fear, the promptings of youthful zeal

have been mistaken for a divine call; while in others the suggestions of selfishness, regarded as religious prudence, have served to cool the ardor which prompted to a course of self-sacrificing devotion. In Mr. Judson's case, the first of these evils had no existence. He was eminently fitted for missionary work. His whole life bore witness to this, as the record before us shows. The only doubt respected the influence which would be brought to bear upon him. Had his father's views been consulted, he would certainly have remained at home; but young Judson's mind was made up, and so intensely earnest was he, that his father 'wisely acquiesced in what he probably saw was inevitable.' Buchanan's 'Star in the East' was the means of directing the young student to the duty of personally devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen. The subject occupied his attention for many months, and he finally resolved, in obedience to what he deemed the will of God, to offer himself for this service. Such an act, it must be remembered, was a vastly different thing then from what it is now. In 1810, religious missions were unpopular. They had not become the theme of panegyric in the halls of senates and on the platforms of public meetings. They were decried by the current literature of the day, were mistrusted by statesmen, and grossly libelled by travellers. Even Christian men, in many cases, discountenanced them. A perverse theology deemed them presumptuous and self-willed, while a selfish Christianity—strange conjuncture of terms—frowned on their alleged imprudence and ultraism. Things are happily changed now. Though vastly different, however, the evils attendant on the existing state of feeling are not less real than those with which our fathers had to struggle. We must not, however, be tempted to prosecute this theme. The 'Memoir' before us claims precedence, and to it we must confine ourselves.

On the 24th of September, 1810, Mr. Judson completed his course at Andover, having previously graduated M.A. in Brown University. During his residence at Andover he formed the acquaintance of several young men similarly disposed to himself. There was no organization to which they could look in America, and Mr. Judson, in April, 1810, therefore addressed a letter of inquiry to Dr. Bogue, of Gosport. A memorial, signed by himself, Samuel Nott, jun., Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell, was also laid before the General Association, which met in Bradford, Massachusetts, in which, after setting forth their views, and stating that 'they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way,' they respectfully submitted the following inquiries:—

'Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions, as either visionary or impracticable; if

not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the Eastern or the Western world; whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society; and what preparatory measures they ought to take previous to actual engagement.'—*Ib.* p. 37.

The writers of this memorial were prepared to proceed to any part of the globe which their seniors thought most suitable, and others were ready to follow them. 'There are, at least, four others,' said Dr. Judson, 'in the junior class, who are ready to support the mission, wherever it shall be established. We are in a state of suspense as to any immediate measures; our eyes are directed to an arrival from England. Our chief object in laying the business before the Association was to excite a general attention to the subject in this country, hardly expecting that such measures will be seasonably taken as shall preclude our soliciting British aid.'

This memorable communication was referred by the Association to a Committee, whose report, recommending the formation of a 'Board for Foreign Missions,' was unanimously adopted. The conclusion of this report referred specially to those from whom the memorial had been received, and in the then circumstances of the case, expressed probably all the encouragement which could be given. The following are the terms employed:—

'That, fervently commending them to the grace of God, we advise the young gentlemen, whose request is before us, in the way of earnest prayer and diligent attention to suitable studies and means of information, and putting themselves under the patronage and direction of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, humbly to wait the openings and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design.'—*Ib.* p. 40.

The resolution of the delegates was speedily acted on. A board of commissioners was appointed; their first meeting was held September 5th, at Farmington, Connecticut, and one of their earliest resolutions was to send Mr. Judson to England to ascertain whether the Christians of America could not unite with those of the mother country, to carry on missions in concert. He accordingly departed for England in the early part of 1811; but the vessel in which he sailed being captured by a French privateer, he was conveyed to Bayonne, and lodged with the crew of the 'Packet' in the prison of that town. In marching through the streets he fortunately succeeded in making his condition known to an American gentleman of Philadelphia, who promised assistance, and advised him in the meantime to be silent. The apartment into which he was thrust was of the most wretched order. It was under ground, and was dark and miserable. 'He shivered with the chilling dampness of the place,

while the confined air and mouldy smell rendered him sick and giddy.' The method of his escape was sufficiently romantic, and is thus detailed:—

'While leaning against the column for a moment's rest, the door of the cell opened, and he instantly recognised the American he had seen in the street. He suppressed a cry of joy, and seeing that the stranger did not look at him, though he stood close by the lamp, tried himself to affect indifference. The American, making some remark in French, took up the lamp, and then adding (or perhaps translating), in English, "Let me see if I know any of these poor fellows," passed around the room, examining them carelessly. "No; no friend of mine," said he, replacing the lamp, and swinging his great military cloak around Mr. Judson, whose slight figure was almost lost in its ample folds. Comprehending the plan, Mr. Judson drew himself into as small a compass as possible, thinking that he would make the best of the affair, though having little confidence in the clumsy artifice. His protector, too, seemed to have his doubts, for, as he passed out, he slid some money into the gaoler's hand, and again, at the gate, made another disbursement, and as soon as they were outside, released his protégé, with the expressive words, "Now run!" Mr. Judson quite forgot his fatigue from walking in the cell, as he fleetly followed his tall conductor through the streets to the wharf, where he was placed on board an American merchantman for the night. The next evening his friend returned, informing him that his place of refuge had been only temporarily chosen, and as the papers necessary to his release could not be procured immediately, he would be much safer in the attic of a ship-builder, who had kindly offered this place of concealment. Accordingly he removed to the attic, from which, after a few days, he was released on parole.'—*Ib.* p. 51.

He remained in Bayonne about six weeks, and finally arrived in England on the 3rd of May, 1811. The directors of the 'London Missionary Society' received him with much kindness, and promptly agreed to accept his services and those of his brethren Messrs. Newell, Nott, and Hall, as missionaries for India. Mr. Judson returned to New York in the following August, and on the 18th of September was present at a meeting of the Board of Commissioners in Worcester, Massachusetts. His procedure in England does not appear to have given entire satisfaction to his brethren. The Americans were naturally desirous of retaining the services of himself and his associates. It was honorable in them to do so. The memorial which had been presented furnished a fair opportunity of calling the attention of the churches to the condition and claims of the heathen world. This opportunity was not to be lost, and we need not, therefore, be surprised at the disappointment—perhaps we may term it irritation—expressed by some at the readiness evinced by Mr. Judson to proceed to India under English auspices.

At the same time it is due to him to say, that the singleness of his purpose was evident throughout the negotiation. His decision was *religious*, not *national*. His object was to reach a missionary field. After this he sighed and prayed. In his own country there was no society to which he could look for aid, and he was, doubtless, therefore gladdened when the directors of the 'London Missionary Society' offered their patronage.

The committee of the American Board, after reporting that 'the London directors are of opinion that a joint conduct of missions will not be practicable,' proceed to state, that either their four young brethren must be surrendered to the London Society, or, that their support must be undertaken by the American churches. They strongly recommend the latter course, and on the following day it was resolved,

"That this Board do not advise Messrs. Adoniram Judson, jun., and Samuel Nott, jun., to place themselves at present under the direction of the London Missionary Society, but to wait the further intimation of Providence relative to our means of furnishing them with the requisite support in the proposed foreign mission.

"Messrs. Adoniram Judson, jun., Samuel Nott, jun., Samuel Newell, and Gordon Hall, were appointed missionaries to labour under the direction of this Board in Asia, either in the Burman empire, or in Surat, or in Prince of Wales Island, or elsewhere, as, in the view of the Prudential Committee, Providence shall open the most favourable door.'"—*Ib.* p. 57.

In this decision we rejoice. It was the right one. None other would have met the requirements of the case, or could have produced the same amount of good. Harmonious co-operation, for any length of time, was impossible between bodies so distant from each other. Many sources of disagreement could not fail to arise, in the maintenance of which much energy would have been diverted from the missionary cause. We have had painful illustrations of this in the history of other missions, and need only refer to Serampore. Mr. Judson cordially acquiesced in the decision of his seniors, and having been married on the 5th of February, 1812, he sailed from Salem for Calcutta on the 19th, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Newell. During the voyage his views on the subject of baptism underwent an entire alteration. As he was proceeding, in the first place, to Serampore, to reside for a time with Baptist Missionaries, 'He felt the necessity,' we are told, 'for re examining the subject, as he expected to be called upon by them to defend his belief. In this latter respect, however, he found himself singularly disappointed; for the gentlemen at Serampore made it a matter of principle never to introduce the subject of their peculiar belief to any of their

brethren of other denominations, who happened to be their guests.'

In consequence of this change he was baptized by immersion at Calcutta on the 6th of September, and immediately addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Worcester, stating his inability to comply with the instructions of the Board, the opinion of his brethren that his change of sentiments was incompatible with his being their fellow-laborer in the mission they contemplated, and his presumption that the Board would deem it equally incompatible with his continuing their agent. The excitement which followed is much to be deplored. Happily it was but temporary, and the beautiful letter of Dr. Anderson, dated August 1st, 1839, affords another instance of that ineffable wisdom which overrules, and renders subservient to ultimate good, even the infirmities and mistakes of good men. We have always regretted—we shall ever continue to regret—that differences of opinion on the baptismal question have been permitted to separate the two sections of the congregational body. That great practical difficulties would be involved in their combined action, we freely admit; but many of these would be overcome by a more advanced state of religious feeling, and where any proved insuperable, the ends of Christian fellowship would be attained by the *necessity* of separation being evidenced, and the love of the brotherhood being preserved intact.

The American missionaries, of whom several were now in Calcutta, became objects of suspicion to the East India Company, and they were therefore ordered to leave the country immediately. They were prohibited from settling in any part of the Company's territory, and two of their number, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, proceeded consequently to the Isle of France. The vessel being small, could not carry more than two passengers, and Messrs. Judson and Rice, being therefore left behind, received a peremptory order to proceed to England by the first ship. Their situation was deplorable in the extreme. They had just reached the confines of the region in which they hoped to labor, when a professedly Christian power interposed to guard the heathenism which they sought to assail. The intolerance of the East India Company had been shown on former occasions. Its functionaries had done their utmost to prevent the ignorance, sensualism, and idolatry of the East from being disturbed; and if a better state of things now exists, we must attribute it to other causes than the religious sympathies of the Indian government. It is difficult to realize the state of feeling which existed at this period. Commercial monopoly was united with religious intolerance, or rather with an utter disregard to the obligations involved in the possession of Christianity. Having

been refused permission to follow Mr. and Mrs. Newell to the Isle of France, Mr. Judson and his associates resolved to proceed thither, if possible, by stealth. A vessel was, at the time, about to sail for the Isle of France, and the captain having engaged to be neutral, they went on board without a pass, but were followed by a government despatch which compelled their return to Calcutta. No alternative, but that of returning to England, was now apparently left them. Every hope failed, and their spirits sank in the deepest gloom, when most unexpectedly Mr. Judson received a magistrate's pass, to proceed by the very vessel from which they had been brought back. How this was obtained, or who was the agent in procuring it, they never knew. Some secret friend had no doubt been exerting himself on their behalf; and connecting the circumstance with their subsequent career, we can have little difficulty in recognising the good providence of Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men. There was reason to fear that the 'Creole' had put to sea, but they lost no time in following her, and she was fortunately found still at anchor at Sangur. The passage was long and tempestuous, but on the 13th of January, 1813, they reached Port Louis, whence Mr. and Mrs. Judson sailed on the 7th of May for Madras, with a view of proceeding to the Prince of Wales Island, where they contemplated establishing a mission. They were thus again within the jurisdiction of the East India Company, and their case being immediately reported to the governor-general, they had no alternative but to wait an order for their return to England, or to proceed to Rangoon in the only vessel that was about to sail. They did not hesitate a moment; though different from their intended course, they greatly preferred a voyage to Burmah rather than the abandonment of their missionary enterprise. The 'Georgiana,' in which they embarked, was old and unseaworthy, Mrs. Judson's health was sadly broken, and the voyage proved very tempestuous. At length, however, they arrived at Rangoon, and were received into the Baptist Mission-house, then occupied by Mr. Felix Carey. This happened on the 13th of July, a day which will long be memorable in the history of Burmah. Modern times supply few instances of such heroic determination as Mr. and Mrs. Judson had evinced. Had it been shown in the pursuits of commerce or of science, their names would have been sounded far and wide. Why should we deem them less worthy of praise because their benevolence was equal to their heroism,—their self-sacrifice vastly purer, more noble, and better adjusted to the interests of humanity, than the motives which ordinarily influence mankind?

The change of view which had taken place in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice, naturally called the attention of

the Baptist churches of America to the claims of the heathen world. Numerous conferences were held on the subject, and a letter was ultimately addressed to the Rev. Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, proposing that they should be incorporated with the mission family at Serampore. To this communication a reply was returned similar to that which had been sent to the Congregationalists. The English and Serampore brethren declined the offer of coalition, 'and advised the Baptists in America to form a missionary organization, and establish missions for themselves.' The result has proved the soundness of this judgment. In May, 1814, the American brethren acted on the advice tendered them, and their operations in various quarters of the globe have largely contributed to extend the limits of the Christian church. Of the government, population, and religious faith of the Burmese we cannot stop to speak. Those who are desirous of information on these points will do well to consult the volumes before us. Our immediate purpose is to trace the course of Mr. Judson, and to this we must confine ourselves.

The English Baptists had established a mission at Rangoon as early as 1807, but very little had been effected at the time of Mr. Judson's arrival. Mr. Felix Carey, the eldest son of Dr. Carey, was the only missionary in the empire, and his attention was mainly given to other than religious matters. Indeed, he soon retired from the station altogether, and engaged in pursuits more congenial with his tastes. From the first, Mr. Judson devoted himself with unconquerable ardor to the distinctive duties of a missionary. His earliest efforts were, of course, directed to a mastery of the language, and all parties unite in admitting his attainments to have been of the very highest order. 'He wrote and spoke it with the familiarity of a native, and the elegance of a cultivated scholar.' But it was not simply as a linguist that he was distinguished. The study of the language had no greater attractions to him than other pursuits. But he felt that it must be mastered in order that he should deliver the testimony he brought. A knowledge of it was essential to an exhibition of the truth. There could be no communication between the message he bore and the people around him but as he understood their forms of speech, and could convey, in their native tongue, a clear and effective exhibition of the word of life. It was, therefore, as a missionary that he labored with unwearied diligence in the study of the Burmese language, and the same exclusive devotedness characterized him throughout.

'He was strongly attached,' says Dr. Wayland, 'to physical science, and his researches in this direction might have acquired for him great reputation, and, as many good men might believe, would have given to the mission a desirable standing with scientific men; yet he never pub-

lished a line on these subjects, and he even discouraged a taste for such pursuits among his missionary brethren. He had become fully aware of the temptations to which missionaries are exposed when the treasures of a new language and of a peculiar form of literature are presented before them, and he therefore guarded himself with peculiar strictness. At one time he had found the literature of Burmah exceedingly fascinating, especially its poetry; and he had sundry pleasant visions of enriching the world of English literature from its curious stores. He, for a moment, flattered himself that, by interesting the Christian world in Burmah through her literature, he should open the floodgates of sympathy so as to bring about her emancipation from pagan thralldom. But the dream was soon dispelled. He saw that such an appropriation of his time would lead him aside from the peculiar work to which God had called him; and, though perfectly familiar with more than a hundred Burman tales, and able to repeat Burman poetry by the hour, he never committed a line to paper. He was fond of searching into doubtful histories and mousing among half-fabulous antiquities, and Burmah presented an alluring field for this sort of research; yet he not only resisted his own natural tendencies, but took care never to excite in the minds of others an interest in things of this sort. He admitted nothing into the library of native books (palm-leaf books, selected by himself, but the property of the mission) which would cultivate a taste for these comparatively trivial things. He was revered and caressed by the best society in India, yet he religiously kept aloof from it; and not all the representations of his friends could induce him to turn from his work to relieve the spiritual wants of Englishmen, or preach before an English congregation.'—*Ib.* pp. 124, 125.

The following extract from Mrs. Judson's journal will be read with interest. It illustrates the social condition of the Burmese, and the judicious forethought with which provision was made for the perils which might be encountered. The scene described occurred about six months after their arrival at Rangoon.

'To-day, for the first time, I have visited the wife of the viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady, who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the government house, she was not up; consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, &c. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe at her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several, and ornamented her cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children; whether I was my husband's first wife; meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing

that my husband, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country.

‘When the viceroy came in, I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me; that I must come to see her every day, for I was like a sister to her. She led me to the door, and I made my *salaam*, and departed. My only object in visiting her was, that, if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to get access to the viceroy. One can obtain almost any favour from her by making a small present.’—Ib. p. 128.

The viceroy is subsequently described by Mr. Judson as a savage man. ‘Life and death,’ he says, ‘depend on his nod. He is very large in stature, and when he stalks about with his long spear everybody shrinks from him.’

Unremitting as were his labors, it was long before any of the Burmese abandoned heathenism. Many would have been discouraged, but ‘Mr. and Mrs. Judson were never for a moment harassed with a doubt of ultimate success. It never entered into their minds that it might be desirable to find a more promising field.’ Such an exhibition of faith is as cheering as it is uncommon, and may well shame the timorous and doubting at home. Having surrendered themselves to what they deemed the divine will, they relied with unshaken confidence on their heavenly Father, and looked forward to a realization of the brightest hope of the Christian church. At length their faith was rewarded. ‘We have had the pleasure,’ says Mr. Judson, July 4th, 1819, ‘of sitting down, for the first time, to the Lord’s table with a converted Burman; and it was my privilege—a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord’s Supper in two languages.’ Others followed the example of Moungh Nau, the first convert, so that on the 14th of the following November we read in Mr. Judson’s journal,—‘Have been much gratified to find that this evening the THREE converts repaired to the Zayat, and held a prayer-meeting of their own accord.’ Everything now looked promising, when the spirit of persecution was aroused, and the fears of the natives deterred them from visiting the missionary. ‘There has been an entire falling off,’ says Mr. Judson, ‘at the Zayat. I sometimes sit there whole days without a single visitor. None wish to call, as formerly, out of curiosity, and none dare to call from a principle of religious inquiry. And were not the leaders in ecclesiastical affairs confident that we shall never succeed in making converts, I have no doubt we should meet with direct

persecution and banishment.' Under these circumstances the missionaries resolved to proceed to Ava, and lay their case before the emperor. 'If he frown upon us,' it was remarked, 'all missionary attempts within his dominions will be out of the question. If he favour us, none of our enemies, during the continuance of his favour, can touch a hair of our heads.' We agree with Dr. Wayland in doubting the propriety of this course. The first Christian teachers did not do so. They uniformly appealed from Cæsar to God. When driven from one city they repaired to another, ever preserving their liberty, and freely speaking 'the things which they had seen and heard.'

'If we strip this question of all accessories, it resolves itself simply into this: Can we properly ask one man to permit another man to obey God? Can the refusal of one man to grant this permission discharge another man from the obligation to worship his Creator? I think that but one answer can be given to these questions, and that this answer must preclude us from submitting a matter of this kind to the jurisdiction of man. By asking such a permission, we seem to admit the authority of a ruler to grant or to refuse it, and hence, in some sort, promise to be governed by his decision. This we have no right to do; and hence I think it doubtful whether the permission should ever be sought.'—*Ib.* pp. 196, 197.

There is reason to believe that Dr. Judson's own views on this subject underwent a change in later years. But however this may be, his present decision was speedily carried out, and having proceeded to Ava, he was admitted to an audience on the 27th of January. It was the province of the minister of state, Moungh Zah, to introduce the missionaries, and the following extract from Dr. Judson's journal will convey a slight idea of the scene that was witnessed:—

'He conducted us through various splendour and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other; and Moungh Yo and another officer of Myadamen sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moungh Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended,—in solitary grandeur,—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern

monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned toward us—"Who are these?" "The teachers, great king," I replied. "What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?" "When did you arrive?" "Are you teachers of religion?" "Are you like the Portuguese priest?" "Are you married?" "Why do you dress so?" These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us.—Ib. pp. 201, 202.

So far all was well, but when the emperor proceeded to read the commencement of a tract expository of the Christian faith, his displeasure was aroused, and 'with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground.' 'In regard to the objects of your petition,' said the minister, 'his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them; take them away.' Efforts were yet made to accomplish their errand, but they ultimately returned to Rangoon, convinced that no countenance was to be secured at Ava. At first they contemplated abandoning their stations, but the three converts entreated them not to leave; and when told that it was useless to remain, as no Burman would now dare to examine the new religion, they assured the missionaries that several were already so engaged, and that they themselves were prepared to endure the worst which could befall them.

'This interview with the disciples,' says Dr. Judson, 'rejoiced our hearts, and caused us to praise God for the grace which he had manifested to them.' We need scarcely say that the brethren remained at their post. They knew the danger of doing so; but the constancy of the disciples left them no alternative. The hostility of the emperor was not wholly unforeseen. They had deemed it right to make the appeal, but his decision effected no change in their obligation—much less did it annul the claims of the brethren on their sympathy and regard. From this period the number of converts increased. One after another renounced Boodhism, and took part with the small and persecuted band which formed the hope of the mission. The great Head of the church smiled on the decision which had been formed, and gave promise of the harvest yet to be gathered in. Mrs. Judson's health, however, rendered a sea voyage absolutely needful, and as she was too much reduced to proceed alone, Dr. Judson accompanied her

to Calcutta. They embarked on the 19th of July, 1820, and returned to Rangoon on the 5th of the following January. The voyage proved beneficial to Mrs. Judson; but her health again speedily failed, and nothing short of a long voyage promised to preserve her life. She therefore sailed once more for Calcutta, whence she proceeded to America by the way of England. During her absence the mission family at Rangoon was increased by some important additions, and the church was steadily enlarged.

‘At this period of the mission,’ says the biographer, ‘all the appearances were exceedingly encouraging. The knowledge of the Christian religion was silently insinuating itself among the people of Rangoon and the surrounding villages, and it was producing its legitimate effect—the turning of men from idols to the living God. Before the close of the summer, eighteen native Burmans in the whole had been baptised into the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and all but two had maintained an irreproachable Christian profession. It seemed that nothing was needed but toleration to enable true religion to spread throughout the empire.’—*Ib.* p. 243.

Even in Ava, the prospect was encouraging. Dr. Price, a missionary physician, had been summoned thither on account of his medical skill, and Dr. Judson, who accompanied him, had remained there several months, and was generally known as a ‘religion-propagating teacher.’ The emperor expressed regret at his leaving, and invited him to return accompanied by Mrs. Judson.

‘These indications of Providence seemed all to point directly to the establishment of a missionary station at Ava. The church at Rangoon would be sufficiently provided for by the presence and labours of Messrs. Wade and Hough and their wives. It had here within itself all the elements of increase. At Ava, the gospel had been heard respectfully by the most intelligent of its citizens. It seemed that a church might be planted there with less danger of persecution than even at Rangoon; while, if this could be done, the principle of religious toleration, from the example of the capital, would be established for the whole empire. The movement was perfectly in harmony with all Dr. Judson’s rules of missionary action. Like the apostle Paul, his eye was ever fixed on “the regions beyond.” He desired to go where Christ had not been named. When a church had been planted in Rangoon, he felt impelled to proceed with the message of salvation to Ava.’—*Ib.* p. 262.

We are not therefore surprised to learn that immediately on Mrs. Judson’s return from America, she accompanied her husband to Ava. Their hopes, however, were to be disappointed. War broke out between Burmah and Great Britain, and the suspicious despotism of the former speedily mistrusted all foreigners. The Burmese did not distinguish between Americans and English, and the fact of remittances having been received through

Bengal, was regarded as clear proof of guilt, and led to the arrest of Drs. Judson and Price.

'On the 8th of June,' says Mrs. Judson, writing to her brother, 'just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by *one*, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a "son of the prison." "Where is the teacher?" was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. "You are called by the king," said the officer—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. "Stay," said I; "I will give you money." "Take her too," said the officer; "she also is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description.'—*Ib.* p. 271.

Our limits preclude our extracting from the account furnished of Dr. Judson's imprisonment at Ava, and of the heroic devotion of that true and noble woman who ministered to him. Modern missions afford no parallel, and we strongly recommend our readers to lose no time in acquainting themselves with this portion of Dr. Wayland's volumes. We must content ourselves with the following brief summary, simply premising that no words can do justice to the incredible efforts, undaunted resolution, and self-sacrificing devotedness of Mrs. Judson:—

'Suspicion, rendered sensitive by fear, soon ripened into hatred. All foreigners were at once arrested and thrown into prison. Imprisonment, among a semi-barbarous people, is something very different from confinement. It is confinement embittered by every device of malicious and brutal cruelty. All this was endured for twenty-one months by a student of retired habits, unaccustomed to physical hardship, whose constitution had been already enfeebled by a protracted attack of the fever of the country. It seems almost miraculous that he did not sink under these intense and protracted sufferings.

'And he would have sunk under them, had it not been that "an angel ministered unto him." Then were revealed those elements of character which designated Mrs. Judson as one of the most remarkable women of her age. She was the only European female in Ava, and the only foreigner who was not consigned to prison. Her whole time, with the exception of twenty days when she was confined by the birth of her child, was devoted to the alleviation of the sorrows of her husband and his fellow-prisoners. Perfectly familiar with the Burman language, of a presence which commanded respect even from savage barbarians, and encircled with a moral atmosphere in which she walked unharmed in the midst of a hostile city with no earthly protector, she was universally spoken of as the guardian angel of that band of sufferers. Sometimes she appealed to the officers of government, but more frequently to their wives, and pleaded for compassion with an eloquence which even they could not resist. Fertile in resources, and wholly

regardless of her own privations or exposure, she was incessantly occupied in alleviating the pain, or ministering to the wants, of those who had no other friend.'—*Ib.* pp. 263, 264.

The final release of the prisoners was due to the British commander, Sir Archibald Campbell, 'His subsequent hospitality,' says Mrs. Judson, 'and kind attention to the accommodation for our passage to Rangoon, have left an impression on our minds which can never be effaced.' The privations and sufferings she had endured were too much for her frame. 'The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak;' and her death, which occurred on the 24th of October, 1826, deprived our world of one of the purest and most rarely endowed of womankind. Her husband was absent at the time of her death, and her last request, conveyed to him through her medical attendant, Dr. Richardson, was, 'that he would never consent to enter the service of the British government, but confine himself exclusively to the duties of his religious mission.'

Want of space compels us to refrain from following Dr. Judson's further course. We should have been glad to enter into the details supplied by his biographer, but must be content with again recommending to our readers to peruse these most interesting and instructive volumes. On some points Dr. Judson's views differed from those of his brethren; and his extensive experience and profound devotion to his work, entitle them to much attention. We can do little more than indicate some of these. 'He had little confidence,' we are told, 'in schools as a means for the conversion of men. For a while he gave them a modified approval; but the more he saw of them and their effects, the smaller was his confidence in them as missionary work. It was sufficient for him to know that Christ and his apostles had made it their great work to proclaim to men everywhere the news of salvation, and without conferring with ease, or taste, or love of civilized society, he resolutely followed their example.'

In reference to the employment of native teachers, Dr. Wayland remarks—

'He seems to have possessed a remarkable facility for calling into active service all the gifts of the native Christians. He saw that a nation can never be evangelized except by means of its own population. Foreigners can never supply it with ministers of the gospel. Strangers may carry to it the truths of revelation, may transfer them into its language, and, by the blessing of God, may establish churches. But it is from these churches themselves that the preachers must be taken who are to carry the gospel to their brethren. Impressed with these views, he cultivated to the utmost the native talent. He was ever surrounding himself with men whom he was training up to this service. In Maulmain and Rangoon, he always employed several assistants, whom he sent daily to the different parts of the city and vicinity to

preach and converse with their countrymen, and read and distribute tracts. When he went into the jungle, a company of the same kind followed him. These he would send away, two by two, into those parts of the forest to which he could not himself penetrate, appointing to them their work, and receiving their reports as they returned. He was thus greatly multiplying his own efficiency, and training up the most promising natives as preachers of the gospel.'—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Referring to the sending out of missionaries for a limited term of years, he says, writing to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Society, 'I have seen the beginning, middle, and end of several limited-term missionaries. They are all good for nothing. Though brilliant in an English pulpit, they are incompetent to any real missionary work. They come out for a few years, with the view of acquiring a stock of credit on which they may vegetate the rest of their days, in the congenial climate of their native land. . . . As to lessening the trials of the candidate for missions, and making the way smooth before him, it is just what ought not to be done. *Missionaries need more trials on their first setting out, instead of less.*'

And in the case of missionary correspondence, he says, under date of July 31, 1834, 'I respectfully request, that in publishing my communications discouraging statements may not be suppressed. Let the truth, the whole truth, be known, and let us put our trust in God.' We cannot enlarge on these points as we should much like to do. We commend them to the attention of our readers, together with the views expressed (ii. 254) on the subject of missionary work generally, and shall be glad to find that they obtain the notice they merit. We have only space to add that Dr. Judson's earthly career terminated on the 12th of April, 1850, on board a French barque, the *Aristide Marie*, and that his body was committed to the deep 'in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.' His sufferings had been very severe, but his death was eminently tranquil. 'Not the movement of a muscle was perceptible, and the moment of the going out of life was indicated only by his ceasing to breathe. A gentle pressure of the hand, growing more and more feeble as life waned, showed the peacefulness of the spirit about to take its homeward flight.'

Those who wish to know more of his character and history—and few of our readers but rank with such—may obtain the information they desire from the volumes before us. Dr. Wayland has executed his task well, and his work is therefore entitled to rank with the permanent treasures of the Christian church. It is a real addition to our missionary literature, and is full of practical suggestions, the need and value of which are daily becoming more apparent.

ART. V.—*Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespere's Plays.*

From Early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the Folio 1632, in the Possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Forming a Supplemental Volume to the 'Works of Shakespere,' by the same Editor. In 8 vols. 8vo. London: Whittaker. 1853.

2. *The Text of Shakespere Vindicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions advocated by John Payne Collier, Esq., in his 'Notes and Emendations.'* By Samuel Weller Singer. London: Pickering. 1853.

3. *A Few Notes on Shakespere: with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the Manuscript Corrector in Mr. Collier's Copy of the Folio, 1632.* By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. London: Smith. 1853.

4. *Specimen.—The Stratford Shakespere.* Edited by Charles Knight. London. 1853.

THE history of a quire of whity-brown paper, if the writer were to enter into minute details, and describe out of what it was made, and to what uses it was applied, would be highly interesting. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the records of a folio volume printed two hundred and twenty years ago, and containing twenty thousand corrections and emendations of Shakespere, must be so in a high degree. Of course, in all such cases, we only know in part, and conjecture in part. Could we correctly represent to ourselves the situations in which the volume has been placed, the pillows on which it has lain beside some early student, the learned knees it has pressed, the wine that has streamed over it, the fragrant smoke in which it has been enveloped, it would come down to us invested with tenfold value. Time, however, conceals its progress, like the lion in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which obliterates with its own tail the traces it has made upon the sand. Through what unknown hands may a printed volume have passed! What scenes may it not have witnessed of endearment or strife, of critical disputation or erudite research. Yet it comes to us dumb, and uncommunicative of all but the treasure originally entrusted to its keeping, save in some few fortunate instances, as that of Mr. Collier's purchase, in which careful hands have crowded the margin with instruction or amusement for posterity.

Shakespere, in England, is a sort of literary Dalaï Lama, or incarnation of genius, worshipped by a very considerable sect, with a host of commentators at their head. These devout votaries

forget that he was a man like themselves; that he made mistakes occasionally in grammar, as well as in geography and history; that he wrote nonsense at times like other people; and that, when engaged, therefore, in restoring what they call his text, they should not always be too sure, that the more orthodox the meaning the nearer it must necessarily approach to the original. This, in the eyes of some, will seem mere heresy. But let them not mistake us. Our admiration of Shakespere is probably no less than theirs, only it pleases us to regard him, not as a Pagan idol, but as a distinguished man of letters, full of fancy, imagination, and wisdom, but liable, nevertheless, to all the lapses incident to humanity.

It is not, however, our intention to discuss, on this occasion, our great poet's general character. On the contrary, we mean to confine ourselves as much as possible to Mr. Payne Collier, who, though somewhat addicted to mistake all his geese for swans, must not be defrauded of the praise of having, by an accidental discovery, thrown new light in many places on the text of Shakespere.

If our readers be addicted to the buying and reading of old folios, they will be able to comprehend some part at least of the pleasure experienced by our antiquarian critic, when he fell upon this treasure of corrections and emendations. With a due sense of its importance, he chronicles all the particulars connected with it. An astronomer, who should discover the lost pleiad, or a classical traveller, into whose hands the missing Decades of Livy might fall, or an admirer of beauty, who should pounce suddenly in the catacombs upon the mummy of Cleopatra, might possibly think it necessary to be equally minute in detailing dates and circumstances.

It was in the spring, as Mr. Collier informs us, of 1849, when the revolutionary fervour had begun to cool a little on the continent of Europe, that being in the shop of Mr. Rodd, the bookseller of Newport-street, he observed a large packet of books arrive from the country. It was opened immediately, and found to contain, among other things, a folio copy of the works of Shakespere, not, however, in good condition, but torn and blurred, and stained and blotted, as if it had belonged to some porter-drinking actor, who had carried on his studies over his cups. Still Mr. Collier purchased it, with the intention, as he relates, of completing another folio copy, which he had previously acquired in an imperfect state. But collectors are not always careful to examine their riches. Content with possessing his Shakesperian relic, Mr. Collier laid it aside and forgot it, in the eager search after new acquisitions. In the meantime Mr. Rodd died, to the sincere regret of all lovers of learning, who owed much to his

taste, industry, and liberal manner of dealing. We mention this for a reason afterwards to be stated. Mr. Collier at length resolved upon leaving the flaunting town, and carrying his household gods into the country. All who have brought together a great number of books know what a labour it is to remove them, and if they happen to be too many to be conveniently borne away, what poignant regrets are felt at the bare idea of separating them. The dear old companions, venerable in their dust, have stood together for half a century, perhaps, in dusky nooks and crannies, whence at long intervals they have smiled upon their owner, as he has accidentally laid his hand upon them. He does not doubt that they are endowed with consciousness; he is persuaded that they have an affection for each other, as he himself has for them, and therefore the breaking up of a library is something like the breaking up of a family, when its various members turn their backs upon each other, and go forth to make their way alone in the wide world.

While Mr. Collier was meditating upon this homicidal process, it is easy to conceive with what interest he examined his old friends outside and in. He observed some marks on the folio volume of Shakespere, but was not even yet induced to pursue his investigations further. There the emendations and corrections lay, piled like Pelion upon Ossa, ready to aid the foot of criticism in ascending to the heaven of invention. Still the antiquarian's eye long refused to be attracted towards them. How he came ultimately to indulge his critical curiosity, he shall relate in his own language:—

‘It struck me,’ he says, ‘that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of “his Booke,” was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe’s “Jew of Malta,” on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of that date, and that the volume might have been his; but in the first place, I found that his name, was Richard Perkins, and in the next, I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance and others induced me to examine the volume more particularly; I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of that time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous.’—p. viii.

After much consideration, Mr. Collier, who is a calm and cautious man, determined to lay the result of his discovery before the world. He published, therefore, his volume of notes and emendations, in the hope, we cannot doubt, of facilitating the studies of those who devote themselves with antiquarian fondness to the works of a single writer. His labours were at first received

with extraordinary favour. Some critics, easily captivated by novelty, persuaded themselves that a new era in Shakesperian criticism had commenced, and were willing, in their enthusiasm, to tolerate the rashest and most unwarrantable alterations in the great dramatist's language. Mr. Collier has certainly laid himself open to the charge of leading the way in this Vandalic campaign, because, through we know not what hallucination, he has suffered himself to be betrayed into the adoption of new readings which, in our apprehension, either cloud the sense of the poet, or spoil it completely.

But while thinking thus, we cannot be insensible to the excellence of Mr. Collier's intentions. Whatever may be the value of the changes he adopts, it is perfectly certain he has no other object than to render Shakespere more intelligible, or less 'caviare to the general.' In advocating his views, or rather in labouring to recommend the fancies of Thomas Perkins, he is often indeed a little too positive and peremptory, especially where the proposed alterations are most calculated to unsphere the great ideas of the poet, to reduce his language to commonplace, or to mar and mutilate those splendid metaphors which raise him above all comparison with other writers, and entitle him to form a class by himself. Still this does not provoke us into any quarrel with the editor, though it has raised up against him a host of opponents, some of whom have conducted their hostilities in any but a courteous manner.

Swift, in 'Gulliver,' tells a good story *à propos* of those who undertake when a great author is obscure to explain his meaning. In one of those wonderful regions, where he who was alternately a man-mountain and a pigmy, wandered in search of adventures, there were professors of the necromantic art, who had the power to call up the dead in any number they pleased. It was the desire of some one to evoke Aristotle and his commentators, who, in multitude, as the reader knows, far exceed ten thousand. The first thing the Stagyrte did was to inquire who those gentlemen might be: 'For,' says he, 'I do not know one of them, and am perfectly certain that not one of them knows me.' Shakespere's annotators, though far less numerous at present than those of Aristotle, bid fair to swell to no less an army, and two thousand years hence the writer of some future Gulliver may apply to them the same satirical observation. When the poet is plain, they ingeniously obscure his meaning; and where he is difficult, they for the most part leave him, where they find him, so that the library of notes, which often accompanies the text, serves little other purpose than to amuse the reader, by exhibiting the fierce warfare of editors, or sometimes to instruct him by adducing parallel passages from other old writers of plays.

If there be any correctness in this view of the matter, it necessarily follows that one annotator should be courteous towards another, and not fancy himself a pope in criticism, possessing infallible criteria to judge by. Mr. Collier himself by no means forms an exception to the general rule. He lays about him with great energy, and not only maintains his own opinion with undoubting confidence, which would be right, but treats with a little too much contempt the opinions of others. This may be objected to, but it constitutes no excuse whatever for those who retort upon him in the same spirit, or who even exaggerate the commentator's licence, and add extreme rudeness to contradiction.

We shall now examine a few of Mr. Perkins' emendations, not in order to decide magisterially respecting them, but simply to express our assent or dissent, and occasionally, perhaps, our reasons for so doing. In his introduction, as well as in the body of the work (p. 144), Mr. Collier notices a passage in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' which a majority of editors have persisted in printing as follows:—

‘Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.’

It is proposed by Mr. Collier to adopt the suggestion of Perkins, who for *checks* reads *ethics*, then spelt with a *k*. The correction is ingenious, and may be allowed to be a restoration of the true text; yet *checks* is perfectly intelligible as signifying those restraints to passion and appetite which are found in Aristotle's philosophy. Here, therefore, there is nothing to be objected to except Mr. Collier's manner of introducing the emendation. He says, ‘That such has been the invariable text from the first publication of the comedy in 1623, until our own day; yet it is unquestionably wrong, and wrong in the most important word in the quotation, as the old corrector shows.’ The assertion contained in this passage happens to be erroneous, because Mr. Singer had introduced *ethics* into Shakespeare's text as far back as 1826, when he published an edition of the great poet. No man likes to have his labours ignored, and consequently Mr. Singer may be excused for being a little out of humour with Mr. Perkins' editor. ‘Will it be believed possible,’ he says, ‘that Mr. Collier, who is so well acquainted with the variorum Shakespeare, should not have known that this correction was proposed nearly a century since by Sir W. Blackstone, whose note has been since that time properly preserved in subsequent editions. Thus:—
“Tranio is descanting on academical learning, and mentions by

name six of the seven liberal sciences: I suspect this to be a misprint, made by some copyist or compositor, for ethics. The sense confirms it.” There is also a note by Steevens, with a quotation from Ben Jonson, confirming the reading. (p 46.) Mr. Dyce adds, the whole reading world, with the exception of Shakespere’s editors, has been convinced that it is the true *lection*. (p. 70.) Here again there is a mistake, since one of the editors at least had abandoned the typographical error.

The next correction suggested by Perkins, and adopted by Mr. Collier, appears to us peculiarly unfortunate; it occurs in ‘*Coriolanus*,’ act ii. scene 3, where the vaunting patrician is expressing his contempt for the common people. His words are,

‘Why in this *woolvish* toge should I stand here
To beg of Hob and Dick?’

No emendation in Mr. Collier’s whole list appears to us more tasteless or commonplace than the one he here proposes. It is nevertheless introduced with a flourish of trumpets, equal in loudness to the infelicity of the conjecture. Thus he writes:— ‘Another proof of the same kind,’ alluding to the above correction in the ‘*Taming of the Shrew*.’ ‘But perhaps even stronger may be taken from ‘*Coriolanus*,’ act ii. scene 3. It relates to a word which has puzzled all editors, and yet ought not to have delayed them for a moment, the corruption, when pointed out by an emendation in the folio 1632, being so glaring.’ Mr. Collier then quotes the passage, and proceeds to observe that Johnson says that ‘*woolvish* is rough, hirsute’; and Malone, Steevens, Ritson, Douce, &c., have all notes, regarding wolves (as if wild beasts had anything to do with the matter), and all erroneous, but Johnson’s the most unfortunate, because it has been previously stated that the ‘*toge*’ (or gown) was not hirsute, but absolutely ‘*napless*.’ It seems astonishing, on this very account, that the right word was never guessed, as it is found in the margin of my volume:—

‘Why in this *woolless* toge should I stand here.’

‘Can there be an instant’s hesitation about it? The printer, or the scribe who wrote the copy for the printer, mistook the termination of the word, and *woolvish* has been eternally reiterated as the real language of the poet. It seems impossible that “woolvish” should ever hereafter find a single supporter.’ (Introduction, p. xii.)

Here we are tempted to introduce the remarks of Mr. Singer, who has left Mr. Perkins and Mr. Collier, with their ‘*woolless toge*,’ not an *inch* of ground to stand on. ‘In regard to *woolvish toge* (or gown) the idea is quite evident. *Coriolanus* says, “Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, in this gown of hu-

military, like the wolf in sheep's clothing?" That the idea was in familiar use, in the poet's time, is apparent from Churchyard's 'Legend of Wolsey,' in the 'Mirror for Magistrates':—

'O fye on wolves that march in masking clothes.'

'Whether the gown had a nap on it or no, would hardly enter here into the mind of the poet, or of Coriolanus. It is sufficient that it was simulating humility not in his nature, to bring to mind the fable of the wolf.' (p. 216.)

Mr. Collier's next crusade is against the phrase 'woollen bag-pipe'—queer enough, certainly—in the 'Merchant of Venice.' He argues at great length that it should be bollen, with the signification of swollen, from the Saxon; but as Mr. Singer observes (p. 35), the bag being still covered with woollen, the text of the poet may very well be suffered to remain unaltered. A suggestion is next made, which introduces a theory of Mr. Collier, very strange in itself, and unsupported by any proofs whatever. He makes supposition after supposition in order to create in the reader's mind the belief that the copy of the plays delivered in 1632 to the printers, was taken down from oral recitation or reading. In some cases it appears to him probable, that inferior actors, who had learned their own parts in the plays by heart, clubbed together their memories to produce a complete copy, but were either not heard aright by the scribes to whom they dictated, or else in the attempt to recollect made blunders themselves. This reminds us of the famous Homeric theory of Wolff and Heyne, who conjured up a whole creation of rhapsodists, poets, and critics, to account for the production of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' It cannot be at all doubted that Shakespeare's plays were all printed from copies in his own handwriting, or from printed books which he had himself corrected. This Mr. Knight, in the preface to his new edition of the plays, has very clearly shown. 'We are not ready to admit, as Mr. Collier now believes, that "if there be one point more clear than another in connexion with the text of Shakespeare as it has come down to us, it is that the person or persons who prepared the transcripts of the plays for the printer wrote by the ear, and not by eye."' We hold such a process to be utterly incompatible with the general accuracy with which the vast mass of Shakespeare's dialogue has been preserved to us. We hold it to be directly opposed to all the facts we have recapitulated in the early part of this introduction, as to the original editions of these plays. We believe in Heminge and Condell, who, seven years after Shakespeare's death, collected his works, and affirmed that they printed them from 'his papers.' We do not believe, except in the few instances of those 'stolen and surreptitious copies,' which it was the object of the first

folio to offer 'perfect,' that short-hand writers imperfectly took down the words as they indistinctly heard them,' or that inferior performers furnished the booksellers with such parts as they sustained; or could in any way procure from the theatre; or that the same hirelings, 'listening, as they must have done, to the repetitions of the principal actors, would be able to recite, with more or less accuracy, whole speeches, and even scenes, which a little ingenuity would convert into a drama.' We do not 'readily imagine'—we think it the wildest imagination that ever entered into the brain of man—'that what these inferior performers had thus got by heart, they might dictate to some mechanical copyist; and thus many words, and even sentences, which sounded like something else, would be misrepresented in the printed editions, and nobody take the pains to correct the blunders.'—Specimen of the 'Stratford Shakespere,' (p. 28.)

In whatever way we account for them, however, errors innumerable there are in Shakespere's text, and those critics deserve well of literature who employ their ingenuity in removing them. We owe many thanks, therefore, to Mr. Collier for his labours; and it seems probable that he would have received all the credit due to his industry but for a slight defect in his manner of explaining himself. Mr. Collier is naturally a very modest man, but on the present occasion he has suffered himself to be thrown so completely off his balance by Mr. Perkins's corrections and emendations that, contrary to his nature and character, he appears arrogant. But it is merely appearance. His critical adversaries, therefore, should have carried themselves more gently towards him, especially Mr. Singer, who occasionally writes as if he had discovered a man aiming at the perpetration of some great fraud, and considered it incumbent on him to prevent it. In reality, when Mr. Collier seems most peremptory, he is only comic. To restore the text of Shakespere, he believes to be the most important business in the world, and for this reason he is exceedingly in earnest about it. He has spent, he confesses, nearly fifty years in studying the great poet, and is quite persuaded that he might spend as many more without clearing up all the difficulties of his text. This puts us strongly in mind of good old Hermotimus, who having devoted forty years by way of prelude to the study of philosophy, considered himself at the end of that period as just entering upon the threshold of the subject. These lengthy students seem to centre all pleasure in preparation. The use of philosophy, namely, to serve as a guide to human life, they lose sight of, and only regard it as something to read and talk about. After much the same fashion do Shakespere's commentators proceed. Forgetting the richness of his fancy, the splendour of his imagination, the depth and largeness

of his wisdom, the originality of his characters, the warmth and flexibility of his language, they think only of those mistakes which have crept into his verses, through the inadvertence of copyists or printers.

We have already remarked on the number and variety of corrections, or restorations, as Mr. Payne Collier would rather call them, made by Thomas Perkins, who has suddenly become celebrated, as the annotator of the folio of 1632. Yet in our estimation, he does not quite deserve all the praise, or credit, or confidence, which his liberal and somewhat too easy and credulous editor has bestowed on him. Occasionally he puts forward a happy conjecture, and displays good taste. At other times he alters the text rashly, displaces a good word to put a bad one in its stead, mistakes the sense of the poet, reduces grand and poetical imagery to commonplace, deranges the reasoning, and modernizes the phraseology without any necessity whatever. But to Mr. Payne Collier, he always appears judicious; and when the new reading recommended is most destructive of the poetry, and sometimes even of the sense, Mr. Collier is sure to be most eloquent in advocating the proposed change. He has printed a new edition of the poet, embodying all Mr. Perkins's hallucinations, and he has written a very large volume in defence of this proceeding. The antiquarians, equally enthusiastic, have come to the rescue of Shakespere, and there is likely to happen a new critical epidemic most alarming to contemplate.

Under these circumstances, it would be impossible to do more, in an article like the present, than just to glance at a few of the new readings, each of which might easily be converted into ground for a whole controversy. We shall take them up pretty much at random; and it is, in fact, immaterial in a case like this in what order we proceed. A few of the specimens given in the introduction, we have already noticed; and as these are put forward by Mr. Collier as his *chevaux de bataille*, they must be allowed to challenge our principal attention. We proceed, therefore, to a passage in 'Lear,' where Edgar, having heard Goneril's letter to his brother Edmund, is made to exclaim as the text stands at present—

'Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!'

There is obviously no sense at all in this verse, whether Shakespere wrote it so or not, and we are willing therefore to listen to Perkins, who, backed by Mr. Collier, completely prevails upon us to believe that the verse ought in future to be read thus—

'Oh, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!'

The passage, in whatever way printed, is none of the best, being only a specimen of the facility with which our old writers were

led to indulge in a sneer against women. But the impudent vices of Goneril may be supposed to have betrayed the speaker, against his better judgment, into this general sarcasm. It would have been quite as reasonable to have inferred the goodness of all women from the surpassing virtues of Cordelia, as the wickedness of all women from the vices of Goneril and Regan. But this by the way. We adopt the suggestion of Perkins for want of something better; though it is far from satisfying the critical acumen of Mr. Singer, who tries his hand at a new conjecture. What, he inquires, can possibly be the meaning of 'unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will?' Surely not what Mr. Collier attaches to it. And why not! The sense fully interpreted in modern phraseology is plainly this—'O, inextinguishable blaze of woman's lust!' This we fancy is no way difficult of comprehension. But let us see what Mr. Singer proposes to substitute for it. The quartos, he observes, read—

'O undistinguisht space of woman's wit!'

The folios have all the singular misprint of indistinguish'd, and will instead of wit; and, as evidently this must have been very careless work on the part of the compositor, we may therefore presume that *space* is also a corruption. Without changing many letters in the first word, we may read undisguised; and by only a transposition of the letters of space, substituting *o*, for *a*, we get scope. This will afford us a very good reading; possibly what was intended by the poet. From what precedes, it is evident that Edgar apostrophizes the letter, after having read it, and exclaims—

'O, undisguised scope of woman's will!'

If we were to adopt the reading, wit, from the quartos we might read:—

'O, undisguised scope of woman's wit!'

and the following passage from Donne will illustrate it. A scope was a wile or trick:—

'Having purpos'd falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true.
Vain lunatic! Against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer if I would.'

These are offered merely as conjectures (p. 276).

We now come to a proposed alteration in a speech of Lady Macbeth, the approval of which by Mr. Collier excites our astonishment. As it stands, there is no difficulty whatever in the text; the meaning is plain, the language consistent, the logical sequence of ideas preserved unbroken. To make this clear to the

reader, we must lay the passage before him. Duncan has arrived at the Castle of Inverness, and the Thane and his wife are in conference respecting 'the deep damnation of his taking off.' Macbeth begins to relent, not as it would seem, through any change in his principles, but that when it came to the point he felt his courage flag at contemplating the dreadful deed. His wife has a soul of adamant, and is scared at nothing. She seeks therefore to keep him steady to his purpose, and very freely lets him into the secret of her ideas. Macbeth exclaims—

‘Pr’ythee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M.—What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man.'

Mr. Collier, completely led astray by the authority of Perkins, misses the whole spirit of the passage, and proposes a change which is perhaps the least defensible of any in his volume. But he exhibits no hesitation; his faith in Perkins is boundless; and thus he introduces this portentous corruption of the text. 'Surely it reads like a gross vulgarity for Lady Macbeth thus to ask—"What beast made him divulge the enterprize to her?" But she means nothing of the kind; she alludes to Macbeth's former vaunt, that he was eager for the deed, and could not now "screw his courage" to the point, when time and place had, as it were, "made themselves" for its execution; this she calls a mere boast on his part:—

‘What boast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?’

She charges him with being a vain braggart, first, to profess to be ready to murder Duncan, and afterwards, from fear, to relinquish it. That this emendation might be guessed by a person who carefully read the text, without attention to the conventional mode of giving and understanding these words, we have this proof, that it was communicated to the editor of the present volume six months ago by an extremely intelligent gentleman, whose name we have no authority to give, but who dated from Aberdeen, and who had not the slightest knowledge that 'boast' for 'beast' was the manuscript reading in the folio 1632. It is very possible, therefore, that the old corrector of the folio 1632 arrived at his conclusion upon the point by the same process. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that he may have had some authority, printed, written, or oral, for the proposed change; and it is quite certain that people have been in the

habit of reading 'Macbeth' for the last two hundred years, some of them for the express purpose of detecting blunders in the text, and yet as far as can be ascertained, have never once hit upon this improvement, so trifling as regards typography, but so valuable as respects the meaning of Shakespeare.' (pp. xix. 408, S.Q.)

Mr. Charles Knight has so ingeniously and amusingly exemplified the absurdity of this kind of criticism, that we shall borrow his language. He is somewhat merry at Mr. Collier's expense, but not at all ill-humouredly so. 'We will exemplify,' he says, 'an *e* and *o* case. Lady Macbeth says to Macbeth, as printed from the early editions,—

"What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man."

The corrector reads,—

"What boast was't then?" &c. &c.

A whole page of Mr. Collier's introduction is devoted to the glories of this "substitution of the letter *o* for the *e*," that as it were, magically conjures into palpable existence the long-buried meaning of the poet. We affirm that the meaning of the poet has not been buried,—that *beast* is the word. Mr. Collier has another page, in the notes on 'Macbeth,' about this wonderful "boast." All previous editors are twitted with their dulness in never having "hit upon this improvement." "The old reading," he says, "was a gross vulgarism." Lady Macbeth means nothing of the kind. She alludes to Macbeth's former vaunt, that he was eager for the deed, &c. She charges him with being a vain braggart, first to profess to be ready to murder Duncan, and afterwards, from fear, to resist it. It would have been well to have pointed out one single passage, one solitary expression, in which Macbeth vaunts that he is eager for the deed. In act i. scene 5, when Lady Macbeth first prompts the murder,—“He that's coming must be provided for,” Macbeth simply says,—“We will speak further.” When they next meet, and Lady Macbeth reproaches him for leaving the chamber, he takes up his former answer, saying,—

“We will proceed no further in this business.”

Where is the vaunt? where is the braggardism? To her passionate excitements he replies,—

“Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.”

The answer is,—

“What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man.”

The editor of the ‘Examiner’ has seen, as well as ourselves, that the substitution of “boast” is to lose the point of the passage. We go further, and say that it is totally inconsistent with all that has preceded it, and with the character of Macbeth.’ (p. xxxv.)

After this fashion, however, we shall never arrive at the end of Mr. Collier’s labours. Perkins, his great oracle, was a man of strange composition, suggesting sometimes the most ingenious emendations, and then running into absurdities too extravagant even for laughter. The list is long, but a few specimens will suffice. Some of the most curious occur in the ‘Tempest.’ In act i. scene 2, we find the following passage:—

‘The sky, it seems, would
Pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheeks,
Dashes the fire out.’

Instead of *cheek*, Perkins would have us read *heat*, which Mr. Collier thinks very ingenious. We regard it as one of the most tasteless alterations ever proposed. In act iii. scene 1, there is a passage which no one can doubt to be corrupt, because it may truly be said not to be intelligible. It is at the conclusion of Ferdinand’s speech, where he talks of the pleasure he experiences in performing Miranda’s task for her. The folio of 1623, the only one of any authority, gives the passage as follows:—

‘This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what’s dead
And makes my labours pleasures.’

He then finishes off with the following quaint observation:—

‘But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest when I do it.’

It must be owned that this passage needs alteration, as it conveys no sense to the mind. The folio of 1632 changes *lest* into *least*, the manuscript corrector converts *least* into *blest*, and Mr. Collier, faithful to his duty as an editor, adopts the change without hesitation. But how does this mend the matter? What is the meaning of ‘Most busy, blest when I do it?’ Mr. Singer, in the true spirit of an antiquarian, will not suffer Perkins and Collier to mar the text in their own way. Discontented with the irconjectures, he hazards another, which, if possible, is worse

than theirs. Yet, with perfect confidence, he thinks it the happiest restoration in the world, and plumes himself on it accordingly. 'I believe,' he says, 'that nothing better has yet been proposed than my own reading,—“Most *busiest* when I do it.”' Our opinion is different from Mr. Singer's. Nearly all the readings are bad, but his is decidedly the worst we have seen, since it stands in contradiction to the whole tenour of the passage. No doubt can exist that the verse is corrupt, or at any rate, that it is nonsense; but Theobald's suggestion appears to bring us nearest to a meaning, especially if we make a slight alteration in the preceding line, and read thus:—

‘But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most *busy-less* when I do it.’

The next correction we shall notice seems equally forced and unnecessary. Mr. Collier of course argues in favour of it, but simply, it appears to us, because it was found on the margin of his folio, as there is nothing else to recommend so curious a perversion of the text. Ariel, giving Prospero an account of the manner in which he had executed his orders respecting all the ships, excepting the one which he had been commanded to detain, says,—

‘They all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly back for Naples.’

The only objection to the word *flote* used for wave seems to be that it is not found in any other English writer, but is mere French. But this was no objection to Shakespere, who with much less excuse employs other terms from the same language, even where they spoil a fine passage, as for example,—

‘*Sans* teeth, *sans* everything.’

The probability is, that the story of the ‘Tempest’ was taken from some French author, now lost, and that Shakespere adopted the word *flote* from the fresh reading of the original. At any rate, the passage as it stands is perfectly intelligible, and would be spoiled by following the reading of Perkins,—

‘They all have met again,
And *all* upon the Mediterranean *float*,
Bound sadly back to Naples.’

We say that a raft or a log floats, but that a ship sails, except when it has been reduced to a wreck. Shakespere would hardly have combined *float* and *bound*, for if they were floating back to Naples, he need not have informed us they were bound thither;

and again, if they were bound thither, they must doubtless have been afloat.

Another passage in the same play supplies Messrs. Perkins and Collier with an opportunity of making two alterations, neither of which seems likely to be definitively adopted by criticism. The verses as they stand are extremely beautiful, and occur in the speech of Iris to Ceres. Beholding the goddess advance, the messenger of Jove addresses her as follows:—

Iris.—Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas,
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and liliated brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn —

Perkins in these verses makes two changes, and where the text we have quoted reads 'liliated banks,' gives 'tilled banks,' instead of the old reading 'twilled banks.' No one can doubt that 'liliated,' at all events, is the most poetical word. The second emendation is the substitution of *brown* for *broom* groves, to which there is only this objection, that groves are not always brown, though the poet may have applied the epithet in the sense of dusky or dark. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Collier observes, that groves of broom are of somewhat rare occurrence, especially in these northern countries. Mr. Singer, however, who is reluctant to allow Mr. Collier to be ever right, observes, that his objection that 'broomtrees are seldom found in groves,' will have no weight with those who recollect that it has given its name 'Broomgrove' to several places in England. Evelyn tells us, 'that the Spanish broom in the western parts of France, and with us in Cornwall, grows to an incredible height.' In the speech of Alonzo to Prospero, a phrase occurs which Mr. Perkins considers altogether incorrect. The speaker says,

'Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know——'

Here, instead of trifle, Mr. Collier and his manuscript corrector would read devil. Well might Mr. Singer exclaim, 'Think of an enchanted devil!' This is surely to indulge the *pruritus emendandi* without bounds, or consideration for the poet. The enchanted *trifle* was what he makes Prospero, in a future scene, call 'Some *vanity* of mine art. Not a *devil* certainly.' (p. 3.) Some little way further on, speaking of the magical operations of Sycorax, Prospero says, in the presence of Caliban,

‘His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.’

For this last line the corrector substitutes

‘And deal in her command with *all* her power,’

which leads to a sense obviously the reverse of what the poet intended. The idea he meant to convey was, that Sycorax possessed so boundless a magical power, that without any external aid, without borrowing the influence of the moon, she could regulate all that department of nature, commonly supposed to be subjected to it, by her own independent power. She was not an agent deriving her sway over Nature from Diana, but herself a goddess, operating by a divine impulse communicated to her in some way inexplicable to the speaker.

If we were, in this way, step by step, to follow Mr. Collier throughout the whole of Shakespere's works, we should find him, at times, no doubt improving the text by some happy conjecture or felicitous recovery of a lost reading; but, upon the whole, effecting far more harm than good. Thomas Perkins, who undertook, as the Sybil with her golden bough did Æneas, to guide him through an imaginary world, was a man of more industry than taste. His patience seems to have been inexhaustible. Going through his folio copy, pen in hand, and enjoying, to all appearance, unlimited leisure, he corrected all misprints in orthography and punctuation. The edition he possessed, though professedly a reprint of the folio of 1623, swarmed with errors; and his first care, therefore, was to compare the two editions, and to correct the new one by the old. By the time he had accomplished this part of his task, he would seem to have acquired a taste for emendation, and went on indulging what Mr. Singer calls his *pruritus* for correction, which, of course, there was nothing to hinder. Where he met with a word which had become obsolete, he replaced it by another more modern; where the metaphor was violent or strange, he softened it down by introducing a suggestion of what is called common sense instead of the transcendental wisdom of the poet. Where Shakespere, or his copyists, had given nonsense to the press, as in spite of literary superstition they no doubt often did, Perkins had the courage to endeavour, by the introduction sometimes of whole lines, to reconcile them with the decisions of logic. Mr. Payne Collier is persuaded that this bold corrector did not proceed *suo periculo*, to bring the language of Shakespere into conformity with that of his own day, or with his own theory of philosophical propriety, but relied on the authority of manuscripts or printed books, now no longer accessible. But he himself mentions a fact which militates very

strongly against this supposition: we mean, that in many places Perkins, in the first instance, substituted one word for that which he found in the text, and afterwards, upon further consideration, erased it and wrote another in its place. This, we think, shows clearly that he was proceeding upon an arbitrary system, and, apart from the folio of 1623, consulted no authority whatsoever. His ideas are occasionally very happy, and if they do not reveal to us what Shakespere actually wrote, present us with much better readings than his original editors, or his whole army of commentators. It would be ungrateful to deny this justice to Perkins and Collier. But because we concede thus much to them, it by no means follows that we are to set them up as critical oracles.

Mr. Collier's fate should prove a warning to us. Instead of exercising his critical acumen in separating the wheat from the chaff, while examining Perkins's emendations, he has adopted the whole, and thus rendered himself responsible for a portentous amount of nonsense. At the same time we must not conceal from ourselves, that in spite of all this he has done good service; in the first place, by directing public attention to the extremely corrupt and mutilated state in which the Shakesperian dramas have come down to us, and in the next place by eliminating many gross errors from the text. All new editors will be compelled to consider the corrections of Mr. Perkins and the remarks of Mr. Collier, and though they may often laugh, not without good reason, at their absurdities, they may often profit by those very absurdities themselves, by learning to be less rash in suggesting alterations.

One remark more, and we have done. If the works of an English poet, comparatively little removed from our own day, are already in many parts so corrupt and inexplicable, what wonder is it that the philosophical treatises of Aristotle, the tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the comedies of *Aristophanes*, and the fragments of *Alexis*, *Philemon*, and *Menander*, should often defy critical conjecture? Probably, however, we are better acquainted with the intellectual idiosyncrasies of the Greek poets than with those of the age of Shakespere. The former thought and wrote according to more intelligible laws, and made use of a language infinitely more perfect. The chances consequently are, that the conjectures of no classical critics would be so wild as those of Messrs. Perkins and Collier, though there have been those, even in our own day, who, had they been suffered by public opinion, would have done for *Æschylus* what we have now seen done for Shakespere.

ART. VI.—*The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola.* Illustrative of the History of Church and State Connexion. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. In Two Volumes. Svo. London: Newby. 1853.

HISTORY presents us with nothing more remarkable than the development of the Roman pontificate, yearly enlarging the circle of its claims, until at length nothing short of universal supremacy would satisfy the ambition of the Italian hierarch. In the annals of mankind there is nothing analogous to the origination and completion of that vast papal system, which is a perpetual caricature of Christianity. The bishops of Rome early forgot the simplicity and humility which should have marked their pastoral life, and endeavoured to equal the pomp, if not the power, of the Cæsars. The chief Christian pastor in such a city would necessarily become the superior of all suburban and proximate provincial pastors, from the mere circumstances of his position; and every succeeding bishop would not fail during his episcopate to increase his official and metropolitan influence. The gradual advance to supreme power by the bishops of Rome was frequently disputed by contemporary episcopal functionaries; but it is certain that, during many generations, in proportion as the civil power of the Cæsars declined, the bishops of Rome endeavoured to put the spiritual power in its place, to fold the imperial purple about the cross of Him who had said that His 'kingdom was not of this world,' and thus to rule the nations, not by the sword, but by the more powerful influence of religion.

Thus gradually, but certainly, did the successive pontiffs aim at universal dominion, until, in the reign of Leo X., the Italian Church not only claimed, but exercised, a supremacy over the human mind in almost every country of the known world. It is a noteworthy fact, that the claims and the power of the Roman pontiffs increased in proportion as the night of the middle ages thickened upon Europe, and that resistance to that power, and a gradual diminution of it, occurred just in proportion as, in consequence of the revival of learning, the human mind awoke to a sense of its degraded condition, and to the necessity for an immediate emancipation from its bondage. So early, indeed, as the reign of Charlemagne, that powerful patron of the Italian Church, the Sardinian Claude had remonstrated against the evil ambition and the godless lives of the hierarchy. At a later period, during the pontificate of Eugenius III., Arnold of Brescia, a pupil of the illustrious but ill-fated lover of Eloisa—and whom —'tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!'—St. Bernard, with a sancti-

monious bitterness, terms 'the armour-bearer of the Philistine Abelard,'—had preached, both in Brescia and Rome, against the superstitions and the iniquities of the ecclesiastical dignitaries,—demanding also that the pope should be deprived of his temporal authority. This was the first great protest against the domination of the pontiff, but the painful pioneer to better times was burned, and his ashes cast into the Tiber. A few years after the death of Arnold, the Waldenses protested against the assumption of the bishops of Rome; and the cruelties perpetrated to silence their denunciation will be fully known only in that great day when, at God's tribunal, human wickedness is revealed in all its terrible enormity. It was no trivial cause—no idle desire for fame—no political ambition—no love for the applause of man, which induced humble and retired monks to come forth from their cloisters, and, braving the thousand perils which, in mediæval times, beset the path of every reformer, to proclaim the papal power a monstrous and unjust assumption, contrary to the simplicity of Christianity, and injurious to the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. A holy fervour filled the souls of these early iconoclasts; and the true hero-spirit made them zealous of martyrdom; so that, by their dying, the evils they abhorred might be removed.

It was at a time of obscurity, and yet of transition, that Savonarola came forth to demand the reform of religion, to denounce the reigning pontiff, and to agitate what may certainly be regarded as the ruling idea of his life,—the separation of the ecclesiastical from the civil power. Before alluding, however, more particularly to his course as a reformer, it will be necessary to glance at the state of Italy at the time. Out of the ruins of the Carlovin-gian empire several republics arose in Italy, according to that strange law of reaction, so often seen in the world's history, by which despotism in one age produces democracy in the next. The mighty emperor had left the world, and the great fabric which he had founded and strengthened by his sword fell at once to pieces; and in Italy, after various revolutions, republics were formed, of which that in Florence was not the least illustrious. Passing through many changes,—the scene of indescribable atrocities during the Guelph and Guibeline warfare,—Florence, in 1434, fell under the influence of the powerful family of the Medici. The fundamental principle of the state hitherto had been, that the commonwealth should not be, under any circumstances, in the power of one man, and that the authorities should be responsible for the use of their trust to the great body of the citizens. So long as these principles were adhered to in the government of the republic, Florence prospered; and the endeavour of the Medici family was to set them aside, and to rule

individually and arbitrarily. In the middle of the fourteenth century, the Medici were simple citizens of Florence, engaged in commercial pursuits; but they became, in time, merchant princes, and the chiefs of a powerful coterie; so that, in 1434, as Machiavelli wrote, 'the family of Medici began to acquire more influence and authority than any other republican magnates in Florence.' Cosmo and Lorenzo were the first of this family to become violent partizans of an angry faction in the city. The former, a man of taste and acquirements, collected a vast number of rare and precious manuscripts, both in the East and in Italy, which he placed for the use of the public in the Dominican convent of San Marco at Florence. He committed the management of this library to a poor monk, Tommaso da Sarzana, afterwards Nicholas V., and the founder of the Vatican; so that, indirectly, this illustrious family, too much condemned, perhaps, in the present work by Dr. Madden, contributed to found that magnificent library, where is deposited, as in a museum, the thought of the perished ages. Many of this family became famous and infamous in the after history of the papacy and of the European world,—Lorenzo the Magnificent, 'the Augustus of his city, and the Mæcenæ of its scholars,' and John, better known as Leo X., the arch-enemy of Luther, and the founder of that cathedral which is the grandest conception and the noblest monument of the power of the Romish Church. Cosmo de Medici not only had a passion for collecting the works that survived of the ancient world, the poetry which had been the delight, and the philosophy which had been the glory of peoples and civilization passed away; but he was an enthusiastic admirer of the philosophy of Plato,—a passion which his magnificent son inherited from his father. His great wealth, munificence, and boundless love of literature, enabled him to do much—more, perhaps, than any man of the middle ages—for the advancement of learning and of civilization in Europe.

The Medici family had not only altered the constitution of the Florentine republic; but their influence tended rather to increase the paganism than to promote the reformation of the Italian Church. By the influence of Lorenzo chiefly the study of Platonic philosophy became all but universal among men of letters; and the human mind, wearied with the endless absurdities of the Italian Church, gladly directed itself to those grand conceptions which had instructed and dignified not Greece alone, but the ancient classic world. Undoubtedly, the study of the Grecian philosophy reacted unfavourably on the Romish Church. Learned men, who had been brought up under the shadow of that vast institution, after the perusal of the sublime Platonism, turned with disgust from monastic fables, the

gloomy anchorite legends, and the ridiculous stories of saintly achievements and deliverances which could hardly be suitable to the infancy of humanity. Without a light to guide them, an instructor honest and able to lead them to evangelical truth, the students of the revived philosophy at first became indifferent to the teachings and claims of the church, and subsequently denied and ridiculed her doctrines and assumptions. Altogether, during the rule of the Medici family, the Romish communion was in an evil condition. Reflecting men could not but contrast the state of the religious pastors with that of their predecessors during primitive times. Looking upon the palaces of the prelates, the beauty of their gardens, the luxury of their homes, the heathenism of the church itself, its paintings, sculptures, and ornamental display; such men bitterly remembered the record of the simplicity and poverty of the fisherman Peter, the trials and sorrows of the early Christians, and the humility and purity of the church, which then could not boast of enthronization in the imperial seat, but was the teacher and consoler for the most part of the lowly and the slave. The ministers of religion were no longer that brave and devoted band who, once fearless of tyrannous authority, went forth to conquer the world by the cross—ready even to pass through the fiery gate of martyrdom, so that they might obey the Redeemer's last command, to make known His mercy to all people. Under the Medicean rule—indeed, to a great extent, throughout the catholic world—the listlessness of the clergy was extreme. Subservient to the ruling power, they regarded the gains more than the duties of their office; and their ambition was rather to live as magnates in luxurious tranquillity, than as meek and lowly followers of the Man of Sorrows to set their affections on things which were divine. Supported by the secular power, they became assimilated to that which sustained them—a result which must necessarily ensue to all religious teachers who are merely the creatures of the state. The spirituality and devotedness of the pastors, not the secularity of the fostering power, will be lessened by such association; and the church, instead of religiously influencing the government which nurtures it, will at last inevitably find that the secular influence, like the parasite around the oak, has destroyed its very vitality, under the semblance of yielding it support.

Against these evils Savonarola rose up to protest, and in a day too when to declaim against pontifical iniquities was to dare the thunders of one of the mightiest of Christian princes. Born at Ferrara, in the middle of the fifteenth century, Girolamo Savonarola grew up in the very heart of the corruptions which it was his mission to endeavour to remove—at a time when the merits of the saints, and not the word of God, were the themes

for pulpit expatiation, and when, in education, the Aristotelian dialectic held undisputed sway—a trivial and useless scholasticism cramping the energy, thwarting the genius, and preventing the full intellectual development of those who attended the seats of learning. The young Girolamo sickened at the follies of the schoolmen, and sought, in preference, to learn from the writings of Thomas of Aquinum, who was conspicuous among the theologians of his time in seeking for truth, not in the dubious metaphysics of scholastic divines, but in the sacred Scriptures. In 1476, Savonarola became a Dominican monk, discarding alike Aristotle and Abelard, and thirsting for truth at that pure fountain of inspiration where alone it can be received in its purity and completeness. The philosophy of Plato presented no charm to allure him from the study of that Holy Word which alone can give true dignity to the soul, happiness to the life, and a hopeful serenity in death. A silent, meditative youth, stern even from his childhood, taking no pleasure in aught that occupied and gratified others his equals in age; his thoughts were often directed, beyond the mists and shadows of the present life, to that everlasting existence in which the night of the spirit will be unknown, but where full-orbed truth will for ever irradiate all its inquiries. Of the sacred Scriptures the Apocalypse was his favourite book; and the earnest monk loved to draw from its sacred page visions of the church's glory, when all her enemies shall be vanquished, the afflictions of the holy be at an end, and the Redeemer become the king of a rejoicing heaven and a renewed and obedient earth. For such a man as Savonarola the world had no attraction, and he resolved, although oppressed by the thought of his unworthiness for the priesthood, to give himself entirely to the sublime offices of religion. He announced to his father, in a touching letter, that he had entered a Dominican convent, begging him 'to comfort his mother' for the loss of the son she tenderly loved.

No one can question that such a mode of life is adapted to persons of certain mental habitudes and of a peculiar physical temperament, and that such men as Jerome, Augustine, and Bernard, found in the retirement of the cloister a refuge and a home. Cœnobitism was not an unmixed evil. To quote the remark of M. Audin, in reference to convents, and their influence on mediæval life and manners, 'It is there that civilization took refuge. Without the cloisters Europe would have grown old, and died perhaps in barbarism. The cloisters, in the middle ages, were transformed into studios of painting, of architecture, and of sculpture.' During the deep night of the dark ages, these religious houses were the lamps in the gloom; but monasticism is not in harmony with the genius of Christianity, which demands from its followers incessant, bene-

volent, and self-denying activities; not penance, but penitence; not contemplative quiescence, or cœnobite mortification.

To a man of Savonarola's habitudes, the Dominican order would be more congenial than any other of the sects in the Romish church—the institution of that gloomy Dominic, whose name stands in painful relation to the persecutions and massacre of the Albigensian reformers, and whose Order is connected with the atrocities of the Inquisition. Savonarola was an ascetic of the most painful kind. The vow of poverty, Dr. Madden informs us, was never more strictly observed than by him. The loveliness of God's world was naught to him; its sunlight hours, its hues of cloud, its beauty of flower and fruit, its various landscapes, the deliciousness of spring, the exquisite autumnal loveliness, and the thousand glorious scenes reflecting the great and gracious Creator and Lord of all;—these to him must have been vanity or vexation of spirit, or 'trifles light as air,' in comparison with the delights of his lonely cell, and the pleasures of frequent flagellation. The noble activities of Christian life, its many outward duties, and the happiness that results from their honest and thorough discharge, were, in his opinion, secondary to the duties of prayer and contemplation. Sackcloth was necessary to his religion, abstinence to his devotions, and physical suffering to his sanctification. It is painful to know that so good a man, so earnest to reform the system of iniquity to which he belonged, should have endured privations, fasts, and voluntary humiliations, more consistent with the rigidity of Hindoo devotement than with Christian fidelity and duty. He took a pleasure in the very coarsest clothing; his food was scanty; his bed was a sack of straw laid upon boards; and his books were his breviary, and the Bible.

But, if Savonarola was a rigid ascetic, he was so from education as well as from choice; if he was a fanatic, his fanaticism was manifested in a good cause; and if he has been misrepresented and maligned, it has been by those chiefly in whose judgment his life-long purpose of separating the church from the state, constituted the enormity of his sin. He certainly was not a mere agitator. If he had but one idea, as has been suggested, it was an idea for the realization of which a lonely, helpless monk may be pardoned for his fanaticism, and even for his violence. An ardent friend to political liberty, and to ecclesiastical purity, he may be forgiven all his extravagances, intolerances, and harshness of speech, when it is remembered that he fought for reform against Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leo X., and the ever to be abhorred Pontiff Borgia. He was an unpatronised Italian Luther, only that he lacked the strength and geniality of the great German reformer; but in his smaller

sphere he was as antagonistic to the papal tyranny, and as clamorous for the removal of ecclesiastical abuses as the northern iconoclast. In the Borgian era, a mere whisper against abuses had not been heard in Rome. His protest needed to be 'loud as angels trumpet-tongued;' his mission dearer than his life; and his action to be vigorous in proportion to the greatness of the evil against which he uttered his remonstrances. Indeed, historians have applauded or stigmatised Savonarola, just as they have favoured or condemned the union of the church with the state. Bayle has endeavoured to blacken him; but on matters of religion the censure of that cynical and infidel biographer can be estimated only as praise. The elegant historian Roscoe has no sympathy with or pity for the reformer of Ferrara; but he has sought evidence against him from his bitter, rancorous enemies, and not from writers who, like Padre Marchese, bring much that is valuable to light, and in simple justice to the calumniated monk. In the great controversy between the protestants and catholics, Savonarola has been variously regarded. A few catholics think him a martyr—those persons chiefly who deplore the connexion of the church with the state, sigh over the abominations, the cruelties, and the despotism of the Italian hierarchy, and long for a return to that faith which the holy fathers held, and to the manner of life which they exhibited. The greater number of the papists regard Savonarola as a dangerous heretic, and no doubt justify his persecution and horrible death. Protestants generally claim him, following the example of Luther, who always regarded him as his precursor in protesting against the enormities and errors of ecclesiastical life and doctrine in the Romish church. But Savonarola cannot in any sense be regarded as a protestant; indeed, there is no doubt but that he would have shrunk back with horror from what is included under that term. Whether he might not in time have advanced so far as Luther did, in his discovery of the contradiction obtaining between the papist dogma and the New Testament, is matter of uncertainty. Certainly, Girolamo Savonarola was 'the great Christian hero of the fifteenth century;' but his circumstances were altogether *unfavourable* to his complete emancipation from the Romish system. Luther had comparatively free scope for his reform; his great enemies were not near at hand to destroy him; vast regions and tremendous mountain-ranges intervened between him and the Pope. The Germans, in his own neighbourhood, with that true brother-love so distinctive of the people, rallied around him, and regarded his cause as their own; and perhaps the German catholics were never so degraded, abject, and superstitious, as those of the ultramontane church. But Savonarola had only Florence for the sphere of his labours.

—Florence with its ever-agitating fickle citizens. He dwelt under the very talons of his arch-enemies of the house of the Medici, and of their kinsman, the wily and inexorable Pontiff Borgia. The Italians, if they did not distrust him, were indifferent to his fate; and the superstitions to which he was attached by education and by habit had too firm a hold upon his credulity for him easily to break away from them; so that it is impossible to regard him as a protestant, or as having any connexion with protestantism. The Dominican, Coeffeteau, in discussing this question, asks, 'With what face can you reckon among the Lutherans and Calvinists a monk who constantly celebrated the holy sacrament of the mass, and who has even written books to explain the mysteries of it? How can people place in the lists of Lutherans or Calvinists, a man that always believed in the seven sacraments of the church, always invoked the saints, and always prayed for the dead whom he believed to be in purgatory?' Savonarola was a rigid papist; and his memory is dear to us, simply from the fact that the labours of his life, and the cause of his death, were his noble endeavours to free religion from alliance with the civil power, and from that secular influence which impeded its prosperity by rendering its ministers the pensionaries and servants of the state. Had he been successful in his efforts, there is no doubt that he would have continued in the Romish communion—a true Dominican, opposed to liberty of conscience, and thus to the toleration of any religionists except those in his own church.

Savonarola was in his thirtieth year, when he was appointed to preach during Lent, in the church of San Lorenzo, in Florence. According to Burlamacchi, the oration was a miserable failure. His harsh voice, rapid incoherent utterance, and ungracefulness of action, induced him to despair of success as a popular declaimer. In thus failing at the commencement of his course, he is not singular. Many of the ablest orators, both of ancient and of modern times, have equally failed in their first efforts at public speaking. The early ill success of Sheridan, Robert Hall, and Chalmers, and of many others, whose names will always be associated with all that is glorious in eloquence, is confirmatory that perfection in the art of oratory is the result only of years of painful effort to attain it. In a short period, however, he returned to the pulpit, and by his energetic declamation collected vast assemblies, to whom he inveighed with great force on the evils of the church, the infringement on popular rights, and the terrible judgments which were at hand for Italy and the papacy. From this period of his life it is difficult to determine whether the enthusiasm of the monk of Ferrara degenerated into madness, or whether his early super-

stitious education tended to that sad result. In 1483, Savonarola announced that he had received a special communication from heaven, in reference to impending judgments on the city and on the church. In fact, he began to set up for a prophet—a dangerous office in a rude age, and among a semi-barbarous people, especially when the burden of the prophetic song was the terrible punishments which were to overtake that people for its sins. Under the rule of Lorenzo de Medici, Florence was enjoying not only much prosperity but complete tranquillity; and Savonarola alarmed the citizens by announcing from his pulpit that foreign armies were about to enter Italy, and to leave desolation and ruin in their track. It is a very remarkable coincidence, that in a few years, this prediction, if it may be dignified by such a term, was verified, when Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy. That the verification of the prediction was anything more than a remarkable coincidence, it is impossible to believe. The prophetic office ceased when the Holy Book for man's guidance was completed, and simply because there was no need for its continuance. If it be admitted that Savonarola was really a prophet, with what justice can we refuse the same designation to the thousand and one persons who profess that they have foretold future events? Lord Chesterfield predicted the French revolution, many years before its occurrence; but no one would think of placing that libertine among the prophets. A far-seeing philosophical man, witnessing the tyranny, recklessness, and profligacy of a government, may correctly predict its speedy overthrow. The same causes have produced the same effects in the history of every nation of the earth; and each circumstance of the administration in Florence, the notorious profligacy of the ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the utter rottenness of the entire papal system at the time, might reasonably have induced a less astute man than Savonarola to predict a speedy change. While admiring his thoroughness of character, and his simplicity of purpose to purify Christianity from its corruptions, we rank his prophecies with bleeding pictures, winking Madonnas, and visions of La Salette—that religious marvellousness in which the Romish church has dealt so largely and so successfully with the ignorance and fanaticism of half-savage people.

In the beginning of 1495, Savonarola began to interfere in the affairs of the government, and from that hour his troubles commenced. He desired to form a spiritual republic in Florence, and to base her code of laws upon the word of God; taking for his guide the treatise of Thomas of Aquinum, '*De Regimine Principum*.' This unjustifiable interference was resented by the government, and the Gonfaloniere Corbelli urged the ecclesiastical authorities to inquire into the orthodoxy of the preaching

of Savonarola. Persisting in his interference, the wealthier men of Florence held a council in the palace of the Medici, in which it was proposed to expel the agitating monk from the city. With due deference to Dr. Madden, who seems to have reverence for Gerson's 'la Manne cachée' and 'le Caillou blanc'—that strange test for the discernment of spirits—it is no matter of surprise that the predicting monk, 'obscuris vera involvens,' should have made enemies by his vaticinations. In the fact of his foretelling his own death, there is nothing which may not easily and justly be attributed to his determination to attempt civic reforms, and to his knowledge of the fate that inevitably awaited every reformer in an age of oppression, turbulence, and wrong. The story told by Burlamacchi, at p. 317, vol. i., we are compelled to reject, for want of confirmatory evidence; with the intimation, however, that it is highly improbable both as a prediction and as a fact, unless indeed we are to believe what our Protestantism revolts at, that Savonarola was a divinely-commissioned seer. Even if there were very strong evidence of his commission as a prophet, what possible benefit could have accrued to the church or to the world, to Florence or to Italy, by the prediction of his decease? Modern science laughs equally at the reveries of St. Theresa, and at the predictions of the monk of Ferrara. The Romish church, appealing to the senses rather than to the intellects, has always placed great faith in the extraordinary manifestations. In fact, the superstition which produces in our day clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, &c., has always been cherished by the authorities of that church; and we have but little doubt, that had the modern mesmerical phenomena been observed, when St. Theresa dreamed that she held converse with the invisible and eternal, and Ignatius tortured himself in solitude for the lusts and gaieties of his youth, they would one and all have been pronounced miraculous, and, with the customary vigilant cunning for self-advantage, would have been brought by the priests to bear on the general interests of the papacy. At an earlier age, perhaps, the Mormon Joseph Smith might have been deemed worthy of canonization. Had his sect been numerous and wealthy, the shrewd ecclesiastics would have done their best to include it among that congeries of contradictions and absurdities which is termed the Catholic church. We admire Savonarola as a reformer, but we laugh at him when he assumes to be a prophet. We cannot too highly estimate the devotedness with which he laboured for ecclesiastical reformation; his vigorous and untiring zeal; his great eloquence; and his willingness even to die, so that the church might be purified, and religion freed from the corrupting secular influence—the *bondage to the state*. But, when the reformer merges in the prophet, and we read of his

visions, illuminations and predictions, we are compelled to the conclusion, either that his zeal had degenerated into madness, or that he is to be classed with theosophists and fanatics, deceivers and deceived. Had Savonarola contented himself with declaiming against the corruptions in the church, and with demanding, in order to their removal, its separation from the civil power, and had all his energies been directed thus to purify the Augean stable of the Italian priesthood,—insisting upon greater purity of clerical life, and that the tow-rope of the state be cut from that church;—he would have shaken the papal system, and his name would have come down to posterity in as bold relief as that of Huss and Luther. But he fell into two great errors which frustrated all his endeavours for reform, and which eventually led to his destruction: these were, assuming to predict future events, and the reckless assault upon the ruling powers in the Florentine republic. In the former, he calculated too much upon the credulity of the age; in the latter, he over-estimated his influence with the people, and their hatred of the chiefs of the commonwealth.

For eight years, his eloquence gave him great power in Florence—that torrent-flow of oratory by which even the hardest hearts were softened, but which was peculiarly offensive to the Franciscan monks, to the Medici family, and to the pontiff. This hatred did not grow out of mere jealousy of the great influence which the eloquent reformer had acquired in Florence, but it was a hatred engendered by suspicion, and confirmed by fear. For Savonarola had departed from the custom of the Italian pulpit in declining to preach to the people on the virtues of the saints—those trite and lifeless themes, which not even the impassioned eloquence nor the dulcet language of the sunny south could make impressive upon the hearts of the hearers—panegyrics upon grim anchorites and ecstatic immaculate women—whose virtue was fanaticism, and whose purity was incredible. The monk of Ferrara expatiated not on themes such as these. He kindled the holy passions of his soul at the light of the Divine Word; and remembering that the Great Master had declared that He had come ‘to seek and to save the lost,’ he preached from the gospel-page, and exhorted men to amend their lives and to flee from the wrath to come. Even his remorseless censor, Bayle, says—‘*C’est un fait constant, qu’il se distingua par la ferveur éloquente avec laquelle il prechoit contre les mauvaises mœurs.*’ Dr. Karl Hafe, the Jena professor, in his ‘*Neue Propheten*,’ thus alludes to the preaching of Savonarola:—‘His sermons were drawn from the pure fountain of the Holy Scriptures, and from the human heart—he had edified his auditors, during a whole Lent, with an account of the mysteries of the building of Noah’s ark.’

The eloquent preaching of Savonarola produced a great effect in Florence—‘the most surprising change that had ever occurred in the memory of man;’ so that many notorious infidels and debauchees were won over to holiness of life by his appeals. The churches in which he preached were crowded in a remarkable manner: multitudes assembled for hours before the time appointed for preaching to procure a place. Education itself was improved in consequence, and even art became more spiritual in its manifestations; so that the painter no more took his subjects from the mythology of the heathen world, but from the histories of the Redeemer and his apostles; they bodied forth those glorious conceptions which the world cannot ‘willingly let die.’

In 1496, Savonarola received a citation to proceed to Rome, and at length was forbidden to preach. He had to breast the hostility of one of the most perfidious of pontiffs and most cruel of men—the execrable Borgia, remembered, by many dark deeds, in the annals of the church, as Alexander VI. It happened, unfortunately for Savonarola, that a letter was intercepted, which he had written to the King of France, urging on that sovereign to call a general council for reforming the abuses of the church. This letter, Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, kinsman to Giovanni de Medici, forwarded to his brother, Cardinal Ascanio, in Rome. It was shown to the Pope Borgia, and the doom of Savonarola was sealed. He preached, for the last time, on March 18, 1498, and his discourse, solemn in its appeals and sublime in its eloquence, was worthy of his best days. Shortly after the delivery of this oration, it was arranged that the contest which had so long existed between Savonarola and the Franciscan friars should be terminated by ordeal. Heavy charges had been laid against him, chiefly of heterodoxy, and of assumption of prophetic power. A Dominican brother undertook to establish the holiness of the monk of Ferrara, by walking through the flames—that terrible fire-ordeal, which many barbarous nations had used as a method of purgation, and by which, it was imagined, God would interpose to shield the innocent from harm, and to acquit him of the charges against him. On April 7th, the authorities caused a huge pile of timbers, cemented with pitch, to be prepared in a square of the city, with a passage in the middle of it, through which the champions of the contending parties were to pass. The timbers were ignited, and the masses of the people were anxiously awaiting the result. Savonarola proposed that his champion should carry the sacrament through the fire. The Franciscans objected to the proposal; and the magistrates and priests unanimously declared that such gross profanation could not be permitted. The Dominican refused to proceed through the flames without the host; and the ordeal was therefore at an

end. The populace, disappointed of the excitement they had hoped to have enjoyed, irritated and goaded by the artifices of the Franciscans, threw the blame of the failure on Savonarola. His popularity was gone like a dream, and his enemies lost no time in turning the ill-feeling of the mob against him. On the evening of Sunday, April 9, as the vesper-chimes, softly falling on the balmy air of early spring, announced the hour of evening worship, a vast multitude marched to the convent of San Marco, demanding that Savonarola be given up to their fury. He and his trembling monks barricaded the convent as best they could, and for some hours held their savage enemies at bay; but, towards midnight, the gates were set on fire, the building was carried and sacked, and Savonarola, beaten, execrated, covered with filth, and heavily chained, was dragged to prison: the infuriated rabble, like wild beasts, shouting in delirious joy that the prophet was at last in their power. A magistracy of sixteen persons, appointed for the purpose, proceeded to investigate the charges against Savonarola and two of his companions; and from the 10th to the 19th of April, they were repeatedly examined. At first they were merely questioned and threatened; but, as no self-criminatory evidence was obtained, the judges, according to the dreadful custom of the time, proceeded to use torture, in order to draw from the wretched men a confession of guilt. 'On the second day,' writes Burlamacchi, 'the friars were tied to the instrument of torture, and with great laceration they were tormented. Savonarola that day was tortured with two turns of the cord. On the next day they inflicted the same torture with one and a half turns. Nor did they abstain from tormenting them with fire, and other tortures.'

It is a remarkable fact, in the history of 'man's inhumanity to man,' that the most terrible cruelties ever endured have been perpetrated in the name of religion, and that the Romish Church, assuming to be the only legitimate expounder of the doctrines of Him, whose command to his servants was to love and bless their enemies, should have been the perpetrator of atrocities which no language can fully describe,—of murders too many to be numbered, and of cruelties which the rage of the tiger could not equal, but which could have originated only in hell. The record of these things is not to be found in protestant works only or chiefly, nor are they the invention of men who were opposed to the papacy, but they are reported and defended by the advocates of that church whose maxim is, that it is proper to use any method with a heretic. It is impossible to recount, without a shudder, the appliances of pontifical cruelty—the dreadful dungeons, dark, dank, and filled with vermin—the horrible rack, with the unutterable anguish of the 'estrapade torment,' until the very eye-

balls of the victim seemed ready to burst with intensity of pain—the thumbscrews squeezing the bloody marrow from the mangled hand—the furnaces, of the fierceness of Babylonian heat, into which the heretic was cast, and in an instant ‘scorched and shrivelled to a span’—and those lamp-lit, secret halls of the Holy Office, where they practised the inexpressible horror of the water-drop, and where, too, with the barbarous surgery of the middle ages, they dissected the limbs of living men. These were the cruelties perpetrated by that church from which our fathers revolted, and to whose communion specious emissaries are endeavouring, but happily in vain, to allure back our native land. The Romish church is unchanged. Her ancient cruelties are now prevented by the spirit of the age; but the genius of her system remains what it ever has been. Seven times Savonarola endured the torture; but on its renewal, with increased severity, nature could bear it no longer, and in the sharpness of his agony he exclaimed: ‘*Tolle, Domine, tolle meam animam,*’ and then, released from the rack, after earnestly praying that God would bless his enemies—weak, helpless, and probably deranged by the torture—he confessed all that his judges required, and received, with his two companions, sentence of death. The execution took place in the large square of the city. To quote from Dr. Madden:

‘While the father was hanging from the cross, the executioner was making jokes and antics on the ladder, and in the midst of his frolics nearly tumbled down. Life was extinct before they could manage to set the pile on fire. A strong gust of wind at first dispersed the flame, and the bodies remained for a few minutes untouched by the fire. The populace began to shout, “A miracle! a miracle!” and a sudden panic, without any cause, seized on a vast number of people, who fled precipitately. When the wind abated a little, the fire soon blazed forth in all directions, and the bodies were at length consumed. But while any part of his body was visible, a multitude of children and grown-up lads kept throwing stones at the remains hanging over the fire and dropping away piece by piece, as the fury of the flames destroyed each part. The cinders and unconsumed remains of the executed friars were carefully separated from the charred wood and other scoria of the combustible materials, put in carts, and thrown into the Arno.’—Vol. ii. pp. 104-5.

Our best thanks are due to Dr. Madden, the learned author of these volumes, for the valuable and interesting materials which he has collected with so much research and care. The character of Savonarola, until now, has never had justice done it; for that illustrious monk, more than any other man perhaps, has been abused by his enemies, and misunderstood by his friends. Dr. Madden has performed his difficult task with singular fidelity and honesty; and the vast amount of learned matter which is

here collected—the result, evidently, of the labours of many years—renders his work an exceedingly valuable addition to English biographical literature. The present ‘Life’ is a very seasonable book,—clearly showing the evils of the connexion between Church and State, and is a noble contribution in defence of the freedom of religion from secular control. So excellent a work ought to be read and esteemed by all persons who deem holiness of life essential to the clergy of every church, and who value purity of faith, and our inestimable national blessing—‘Freedom to worship God.’

ART. VII.—*Infidelity: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies.* Being the Prize Essay of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance. By the Rev. Thomas Pearson, Eyemouth, N.B. pp. ix.—608. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

THIS book is written in an easy perspicuous style. The author has looked at his subject in various lights and bearings, diligently *read up* the best works on the several topics that came before him, and reviewed the infidel publications which have recently appeared in our language. We understand that it is in contemplation to issue a cheap edition. This is wise, and will do good. No other work gives so comprehensive an exhibition of modern infidelity in this country.

The Essay is divided into four parts. Part the first is on the various aspects of infidelity. These are Atheism; or, the Denial of the Divine Existence:—Pantheism; or, the Denial of the Divine Personality:—Naturalism; or, the Denial of the Divine Providential Government:—Spiritualism; or, the Denial of the Bible Redemption:—Indifferentism; or, the Denial of Man's Responsibility:—Formalism; or, the Denial of the Power of Godliness. To these several chapters the author has devoted about one-half of the volume. Here the reader who desires information will be instructed as to the phases of infidelity in the writings of Carlyle, Emerson, Strauss, Parker, Comte, the author of ‘Vestiges,’ Combe, Mackay, Newman, Owen, Holyoake, and others; and those who may have been puzzled by the subtleties or sophisms of such authors, will be helped in disentangling and refuting them. It is but fair to say that, while Mr. Pearson has limited his reading apparently to English works, it is probable that his Essay might not have been so well adapted as it is to popular enlightenment if he had adopted a course which would

have been more satisfactory to the learned. We accept and recommend what he has done as a fair statement of what unbelievers would substitute for Christianity, and of the reasons why none of their substitutes can be wisely or safely adopted.

The six sections into which this first part is divided are carefully written. ATHEISM is described as a complete negation; really avowed, though rarely, in its naked form; prevailing most in times of the greatest moral corruption and social disorder; and involving the monstrous assumption so eloquently denounced in Foster's Essay on 'a Man Writing Memoirs of Himself.' The several courses of argument for the Divine existence are clearly and discriminatingly expounded.

PANTHEISM, in like manner, as distinguished from ATHEISM, is analysed, its history unfolded, its presence detected in the prose of Emerson and Carlyle, and in the poetry of Bailey; and the personality of God proved from the analogy of human consciousness and the language of Holy Scripture, and from the fact that—

'In Christ Jesus we see the absolute and the personal reconciled. Pantheism and anthromorphism, though traceable to the same source, are two extremes, towards one of which the mind, in the absence of revelation, or in the want of faith in it, has ever shown a strong tendency. Men have been apt either to limit the Infinite, and think of Him as being such an one as themselves, or to conceive of Him as an infinite substance, of which all things are but the modes and manifestations. How to reconcile the personality with the infinitude of the Divine nature, seems to be one of those sublime mysteries pertaining to the Divine existence which unaided reason cannot solve. Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high, we cannot attain unto it. As principles of abstract theology they may be clearly made out, but really to grasp them in our religious belief as attributes of the Almighty, is a great achievement of faith. The two are, however, reconciled before our view in Him who is the Word made flesh, at once the Son of God and the Son of Man. The creation of the world was the work of an infinite Being. The everlasting God, the Lord, is the Creator of the ends of the earth. And by Jesus Christ were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth. The redemption of the world demanded the interposition of Him who made it. It was Jehovah's prerogative to say, "Behold! I create new heavens and a new earth." And in Emmanuel, God in our nature, God with us, we see the Redeemer of man. The judgment of the world is an act of the Absolute. None else is judge but God, and the Son of Man, coming in his glory, occupies the judgment throne. The Divine Being, without any limitation of his absolute perfections, is thus revealed in the person of Christ. Great, indeed, is the mystery of godliness. The incarnation is a stupendous fact that surpasses reason, for whatever pertains to the Divine nature must be incomprehensible by the human mind. But it contains in itself the solution of the mysterious problem,

how the absolute and the personal agree in One. And with all its mysteriousness, it becomes a resting truth to the minds of men and angels, when attempting to grasp the idea of an infinite and yet a personal God. The Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, has opened the book and loosed the seals thereof. And happy the mind that returns from its wanderings, that leaves off raving about a vague immensity which it can neither love nor fear, and rests in Jehovah—Jesus God manifest in the flesh.'—pp. 83, 84.

NATURALISM, or Rationalism, differs both from Atheism and Pantheism, in acknowledging a Supreme Power, but denying that His energy is everywhere always present. It is broadly expressed in such works as those of Comte, Owen, Combe, Spinoza, and Strauss, 'The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' 'Cosmos,' and others, on which the author ably comments. The author tracks to this origin the mechanical theory of the universe, and the rejection of the supernatural from theology. Mr. Pearson closes his examination of the theory by remarking that *the idea of an entirely self-sustaining universe is based upon a false analogy; is chargeable with anthropomorphism; is opposed to the palpable evidence of geology; and assigns no adequate cause for Christianity and its effects,—which, however, are real phenomena:—*

'In fine, naturalism, viewed in all its bearings, is most unnatural. It has a universe independent of Him who created it. It has a Christ, a gospel, and a church, for the existence of which no higher cause is assigned than Jewish conceptions and traditions. It has a world in which moral evil abounds, and depraved human hearts exist, for overcoming and regenerating which it ignores all but natural influences. In attempting to get rid of mysteries the most sublime and ennobling, it falls into mysteries far more perplexing but less elevating. Were the two systems to be tested by the attribute of mysteriousness, we would prefer supernaturalism with its mysteries to rationalism with its mysteries.'—p. 158.

SPIRITUALISM, or the Denial of the Bible Redemption, is the resort of Naturalists, when beaten, as they have been, by the arguments of biblical interpretation. From philological criticism they turn to what it is the modern fashion to designate speculative philosophy. In the name of 'philosophy' the established meaning of the plain words of Scripture is explained away. In the writings of Foxton, F. Newman, Parker, and Mackay, this philosophizing rejection of revelation is very active, and a tendency towards it is an objectionable though apparently unconscious characteristic of Mr. Morell's 'Philosophy of Religion.' On the productions of these several writers, Mr. Pearson pronounces a calm judgment; and of the entire theory, by whomsoever held, and with whatever views professed, he pronounces at some length that the argument which

they use in common is *unsupported by analogy; one-sided and partial*; and is employed in opposition to the vital doctrines of Christianity, in their obvious meaning, by charges which are easily refuted as exaggerated or unfounded.

INDIFFERENTISM, or the Denial of Man's Responsibility, is characterized as 'a *diluted* scepticism,' largely pervading modern literature; in opposition to which the author lucidly condenses the ordinary proofs of human responsibility and free agency, and the historical testimony to the connexion of the sense of responsibility with private virtue and social progress.

In the sixth chapter, on 'Formalism,' or the Denial of the *Power* of Godliness, the writer has principally in view the Romanists and their sympathizers in the Anglican Church, though he does not regard the evil as confined to them.

'The snake is to be found creeping among the grass, as well as displaying its sinuous form under some stately plant or tree. And formalism is not a sin peculiar to Romanism or to a Romanized Protestantism. It is to be met with, not only under the composing shade of the cathedral pile, clad in white vestments, kneeling before the altar, clasping to the bosom a crucifix, and going punctiliously the prescribed round of gorgeous ceremony, but it often has a place in the plain built chapel, and the low wooden form, where no sacramental thing has ever been propounded, where a creed thoroughly evangelical has been adopted, and where nothing but the pure spiritual gospel has been heard. It may have a much more ample shelter, and be much more countenanced amid great architectural splendour, venerated altars, and a rich ceremonial; but it can and does exist in the absence of everything external that is fitted to rivet the eye, regale the ear, and engross the heart. Man may place a false dependence on the simplest observances as well as on the most artificial and splendid, and there may lurk as deadly and hateful a spirit of self-righteousness under an appearance of puritan meekness as ever did in the bosom of the ostentatious Pharisee who, in the temple and before God's throne, boasted of his fast-days and the regular payment of his tithes. It matters not whether the forms be few or many, bald or costily decked, if they are unduly confided in, shifted from the position which they may lawfully occupy as means, to that which in God's sight they never can occupy as a ground, and if the observance of them is made a substitute for piety and holy obedience, the system must be branded as mere formalism.'—pp. 304, 305.

The Second Part traces infidelity to its various causes. These causes are, *generally*, the aversion of the heart to Christianity itself; and, *specifically*, Speculative Philosophy; Social Disaffection; the Corruptions of Christianity; Religious Intolerance; Disunion of the Church. Though we demur to the strict logical accuracy of this grouping, which confounds *causes* with *occasions*, we must say that the author displays considerable

intelligence and much soundness of heart in this portion of the Essay.

To the Christian believer there is no doubt that, whatever be the nearer or more remote *occasions* of infidelity, its proper *cause* is not intellectual, but moral. For the most part, the evidence of Christianity is rejected not because it proves too *little*, but rather because it proves too *much*. 'Nothing can be more contemptible,' as Professor Garbutt has said, 'than the *argumentative* resources of modern infidelity. *It does not reason*, it only postulates; it dreams and dogmatizes. Nor can it claim invention.' Mr. Pearson has illustrated this grave truth as accounting for all the forms of disbelief which, in the first book, he had delineated. The various intellectual workings of this radical *dislike* of the truth are exhibited in the next six chapters. The Oriental and Grecian philosophies are traced in the Gnosticism of the early heresies, the Platonism of the Alexandrian school, the Scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and in the French *sensationalism* and the German *idealism* of the present age. In this chapter the author has condensed the information drawn from English writers on the history of philosophy, and wisely guarded the reader against the evil tendencies of works which are not suspected of *intending* the subversion of the Christian faith; and he sums up his review by saying:—

'In all this we see the influence of the modern transcendental philosophy,—a philosophy subtle, daring, proud,—intolerant of the world of realities lying without, and which assumes to weave, by its own dialectics, all truth from the mind within. Let us hail, from whatever quarter it may come, any goodly element of vitality that would quicken the good things which remain, and are ready to die. But let us be jealous of every system, whatever be its pretensions, that would transmute a Christianity founded in facts into a matter of the mind's own fashioning; and that would dismantle the towers and bulwarks of our historical faith, as if they were only fit for a bygone age.'—p. 371.

There are few persons who have not observed that periods of social agitation in modern Europe have been seized by the adversaries of the Gospel as favourable to the dissemination of their principles. Mr. Pearson is careful to prove that 'there is no necessary connexion between the principles of political freedom and infidel opinions. It has often been remarked,' he observes, 'that the chief advocates of civil liberty in the reign of the Charleses were the Puritans—men of whom the world was not worthy, some of whom were republicans, and others of them the firm adherents of a limited monarchy.' But that the prevalence of anti-Christian principles is productive of social anarchy may be demonstrated theoretically, and is amply proved by facts of universal notoriety. Modern socialism has become an element of

European politics. It is not necessarily infidel. That it too often is so can be easily accounted for; and there are many parties to divide the blame among them. Our readers will supply for themselves—what the writer of this Essay has omitted—the tremendous *provocative* of social discontent and of hatred towards Christianity in the political establishment miscalled the Church in this country. The injurious effects of socialism, under all its guises, are seen in the vain hope of making men happy by merely political organization, in the futile attempt to identify this socialism with the Gospel, and in the pantheistic substitution of the indestructibleness of the *race*, for the immortality of *each* particular human being. Religion, as the belief of truths embodied in facts, revealed by inspiration, and throwing the light of an endless future on the perplexities and sorrows of the present, is apt to be slightly regarded by persons accustomed to admire the genius, and applaud the efforts, of the men who are at the same time champions of freedom and opponents of Christianity.

‘It is not unreasonable to believe that multitudes have been prejudiced against Christianity, been kept from embracing it, or were induced gradually to renounce it, from a regard to the political principles of the men at whose feet they have sat. This will have been the case especially when the waters at the base of the social edifice have been running high, and men’s minds have been agitated under real or imaginary social wrongs. If it has been so with political and social theories, containing no irreligious elements in themselves, but dangerous only when advocated by irreligious infidels, much more must it have been the case with many of the recent speculations of socialism, in which the political creed and the infidel sentiments have been so blended together, that in imbibing the one men could scarcely avoid imbibing the other.’—p. 389.

The corruptions of Christianity have arisen from natural causes, and have produced superstition on the one hand and infidelity on the other. They produce infidelity by repelling from Christianity—thus misrepresented—the most powerful and educated minds; by abandoning the many, in seasons of commotion, to the boldest leaders; and by supplying the opponent of the truth with his most effectual weapons.

‘A good cause, when depraved and made hideous by professed friends, becomes auxiliary to its avowed enemies. It is rarely that such men attack Christianity as it is developed in the sacred volume, and exemplified in the lives of real Christians, but as it has been misrepresented by themselves, or as it exists imbedded in a mass of corruptions. They are wont to appeal to the ignorance and superstition, the priestcraft and crime, existing under a grossly perverted Christianity, of which, unhappily, the greater part of church history is too full, and nations nominally Christian present too abundant illustrations, and, with a dishonesty woefully glaring, but often effectual, represent the evils

as if they were parts of Christianity itself. These were the weapons which were brandished by Paine and his school; Holywell-street bristled with them; and they are not unfrequently taken up by a class of adversaries who would repudiate all sympathy with Paine in his coarse blasphemy and vulgar impudence. The grossest darkness and superstition have existed and been retained under the shadow of the church, the direst oppressions and the most outrageous crimes have been perpetrated in the Christian name; and these, the effects of a sadly distorted Christianity, are, with little ingenuity, and less modesty, thrown in the face of undefiled Christianity itself. Men can distinguish between astrology and astronomy, between chemistry and alchemy, between natural philosophy and magic, and they never think of employing the one to fight against the other. But they have other interests than those of truth to serve in being unwilling to distinguish the heavenly from the earthly,—the religion of God from the religion of man.’—pp. 413, 414.

The charge of intolerance has been frequently urged against Christians, and, it must be confessed, by one class of Christians against another. After all the deductions from adverse statements, it cannot fairly be denied that the spirit of intolerance has been displayed by men whom it would be uncharitable to suspect of insincerity in professing to be Christians. Mr. Pearson has specified in a very intelligent and pleasing manner, *three* manifestations of this intolerance:—the jealousy with which some religious men regard the advancement of science; the jealousy with which any *departure from the common mode of address, and any attempt to accommodate religious instructions to the taste, literature, and philosophy of the times, are not unfrequently viewed by some of its professed friends*; and the intolerance of different forms, rites, and ceremonies. The life of Jesus, his instructions, and the conduct, preaching, and writings of his apostles, we need not say—though both Christians and infidels sometimes alike forget it—are all in condemnation of this intolerance; so that whoever is guilty of it is not acting according to Christianity, but, so far, in opposition to it.

That the divisions of the church are referred to by infidels as suggesting one of the most popular and telling arguments against Christianity will scarcely need to be affirmed: is it a palpable fact. Years ago Robert Hall declared, in his great discourse on ‘Modern Infidelity,’—‘in this disjointed and disordered state of the Christian church, they who never looked into the interior of Christianity were apt to suspect, that to a subject so fruitful in particular disputes must attach a general uncertainty; and that a religion founded on revelation could never have occasioned such discordancy of principle and practice among his disciples. Thus infidelity is the joint offspring of an irreligious temper and unholy speculation, employed, not in examining the evidence of

Christianity, but in detecting the vices and imperfections of professing Christians.' Mr. Pearson is no advocate for constrained uniformity; but he urges that Christians should aim at visible unanimity, and refers to the happy exemplifications of this unanimity which already exist, as at once demonstrating the divine origin of Christianity, and powerfully helping its diffusion.

We regret our want of space to proceed further in the extracts which would illustrate the author's mode of treating the Third Part of his work, which is quite equal to the first and second.

The various agencies of infidelity are—The Press; the Clubs; the Schools; and the Pulpit. In speaking of the press, he refers specially to the current tendencies of periodical and popular literature in Germany, France, and England,—the *idealistic* school, headed here by Mr. Thomas Carlyle; of the *sensational* school, of which 'Combe's Constitution of Man' is a leading specimen; the 'poisoning system' of the Tractist School; the French 'feuilleton' and romances of the Dumas, Sand, and Eugene Sue school; the prodigious circulation of immoral publications, stated by an Edinburgh reviewer to amount to *twenty-nine millions*—some *avowedly* infidel; others, *polluting*; others, again, *latitudinarian*: besides a large class which 'aims at making men moral, irrespective (ly) of the great essential doctrines of the Gospel.' While all this mischief is spread by a free press, the author wisely recognises the growing amount of counter-action, worked by the same agency.

To many readers the chapter on 'the Clubs' will be very attractive. The socialist clubs of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain, are well described, and their importance in relation to the spread of infidelity is estimated without prejudice or extravagance. In his chapter on 'the Schools,' the author enters, with searching discrimination, on the condition and tendencies of European educational institutions, ascending from our 'common schools' through the aristocratic establishments of Rugby, Harrow, and Eton, to the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Scotland, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. While this chapter reveals much that is probably new to the bulk of English readers, it strikes us as *too vague*: the writer's purpose, however, will be gained by the prominence which he has given to institutions immensely more potent for evil, or for good, than the public have yet dreamed.

The closing chapter on 'the Pulpit' as an *agency of infidelity*, will, we doubt not, be startling to not a few of the author's readers. It is one of the agencies resulting directly from the *bad* influence of 'the Schools' in every country.

In an appendix, chiefly suggested by the recent London debate, Mr. Pearson has given his thoughts on 'secularism,'

which he describes as not really a new phase of infidelity, but a compound of old systems.

As the author has aimed at so large and complete an exhibition of the phases, causes, and agencies of infidelity, it must be regretted that he has not added a fourth part—on THE BEST WAY OF OPPOSING IT; or, what is better, of PREVENTING IT. The publication of his own Essay would seem to indicate either that the time has not come for prescribing the remedies; or that he has not felt himself called, or equal to the work of prescribing; or that, having so fully exposed the evil, all that is further required is the wide circulation of this and similar books, and the more active working of the press, the schools, and the pulpit, in this particular direction. We doubt not that, to some extent, the excellent writer of this Essay will be found to have cast good seed into ‘many an honest heart,’ and that he will receive his reward in the plentiful harvest to be reaped in days to come. But, while we entertain this hope most cordially, we believe that something more *specific* can be done. Agencies now in operation may be employed with greatly intensified energy, in characterizing, analyzing, and refuting the infidelity which exists, and in so prepossessing the *nascent* mind of our nation as to render it morally impossible that infidelity should be perpetuated in any form. But *entirely new agencies* are called for by the peculiar habits of our times; and, moreover, we cling to the opinion that such new agencies may be found, and that they may be successfully carried on by a hearty co-operation of right-minded men, who will concentrate their intelligence, conscientiousness, talent, pecuniary means, and social influence on the grand fundamental idea, that CHRISTIANITY IS HISTORICALLY TRUE, AUTHORITATIVE, AND DIVINE. We adverted, briefly, to one department of this agency in this journal ten months ago,* and we now invite the attention of thoughtful Christians to a further exposition of our practical views on this very momentous question—HOW ARE WE TO DEAL WITH INFIDELITY?

The first step to be taken is to make sure of a deep rational conviction, *among professed Christians generally, and their appointed teachers specially*, that our religion is true, so true that it is intellectually impossible for a man who knows its real character and its actual history to entertain a doubt respecting it.

We are far from denying that, without this conviction, on formal grounds, there is much living faith. Nor have we any notion that such a rational conviction of truth suffices for accomplishing the design of Christianity; or that it is better than the simple belief in the PERSON OF THE DIVINE SAVIOUR; or that

* Eclectic Review, February, 1853.—On the Defence of Christianity.

always, and as a natural consequence, it produces the saving personal belief. But we are sure that the rational conviction of the *trueness* of Christianity, based on well-examined grounds, is the antidote to speculative infidelity, and the unassailable defence, *in one's own mind*, from all the attacks of disbelievers. It may be thought, by some, that the process of mind required for such a conviction as the one which we desiderate is not within the reach of the many. Be it so. We want to *bring* it within the reach of *all*. Again, danger may be apprehended in some quarters from familiarizing certain orders of mind with the thought that the truth of our religion *admits* of the doubt implied in the inquiry. Has not this truth *always* been not only doubted, but denied, and the entire system of Christianity rejected as not worthy of belief? Can this fact be concealed? Where are the minds to which the thought never occurs—May not Christianity be untrue? We cannot be blind to the glaring attempts to *prove* that it is not true, so perpetually obtruded on young people in schools, workshops, offices, and by means of attractive books and lectures. Is the indolent repose which takes the truth of Christianity for granted either healthy for the intellect or thoroughly safe for the heart?

Our Lord required men to look at the proofs of His claims to be received as a teacher sent from God; he supplied these proofs in wise abundance; on these proofs being acknowledged, men became his disciples; and, having thus become his disciples, they learned from him, and received *on his proved authority*, the lessons of His divine wisdom. So, also, the apostles. They openly exhibited the *proofs* of their authority and inspiration; and from the authority thus acknowledged, on sufficient grounds, there was no appeal. Both their preaching and their writing derived their power to convince, persuade, or exhort men, from the conviction so deeply wrought in them, that they were listening to, or reading, the messages of heaven. What the constitution of human nature demanded in the time of Jesus and His apostles, is necessary—and, for the same reason—still. True, indeed, the proof *now* is not so apparently direct as it was at first. Instead of witnessing miracles ourselves, we have within our reach the proof that they *were* wrought in the presence of witnesses to establish certain claims, to authenticate certain truths. The claims *once* established—the truths *once* authenticated, were established and authenticated *for all time coming*. What was actually true two thousand years ago, is historically true still, and can never cease to be true. In addition to the records of the New Testament, the entire permanent written testimony of inspired men, we are now able to trace the progress of the truth, of which they were witnesses, through all the oppositions of foes,

and the perversions and corruptions of professed friends. We can compare these writings with all other existing compositions presented to us as revelations from heaven. We can look at the institutions which began in the days of the apostles, and which continue till our own day, as commemorations of the facts on which the scheme of Christianity is based. We can feel for ourselves, and *behold* in others, the enlightening, purifying, and consoling power of Christianity wherever its objective truths become subjective living principles. We can compare the broad glance of prophecy with the ascertained course of history, and not a few indubitable coincidences of particular predictions realized in particular facts.

A general, though perhaps too vague, notion of this train of evidence on behalf of our Christian faith is familiar to the minds of our instructors, and also to respectable portions of the evangelical community. But of late, we have been grieved to see various attempts to discourage a more *exact* investigation of the reasons for believing the Gospel. It is, in our opinion, a matter of very wide significance, that the disparagement of evidence is almost equally strong among several parties not likely to be suspected of holding in common any opinion connected with religion. First of all, there are what we may call the ecclesiastical parties—using the term in its most comprehensive application. The Romanist, who founds his religious belief in the authority of ‘the church,’ is not apt to abound in *distinct* reasons for holding the Gospel to be the truth of God. For him it is enough to know that ‘the church’ declares it to be so. In what the extreme section of Anglican Church differs from the Romanist, it would require a most delicate *micrometer* to detect. And the same is equally true of extreme partisans even in churches that acknowledge no authority but that of Scripture, interpreted by every man’s own private judgment. It is obvious, however, that the most bigoted assertor of church authority in matters of belief offers a reason for his assertion; whether it be *the* reason which satisfies a thinking and serious inquirer is another matter. No man can persuade another to embrace his view of Christianity—any more than his view on any other question—without rendering some apparent reason. But in rendering that reason he treats the man whom he would persuade as a *competent* judge of its truth, validity, and relevancy. When a man has reasons which satisfy himself, and which are found to prevail in proportion as they are understood and weighed, *he* is not likely to depreciate the importance of evidence for the belief of Christianity. The men who believed at first *did not believe without evidence*; and the same records which assure us that they *did* believe, explain to us the reason *why*. Rightly interpreted, this is the true

authority of tradition; herein lies the solid value to *us*, of the actual faith of the church. But for the leaders of mankind to ask us to believe the Gospel on their personal or official authority alone is, at the bottom, not less absurd than for natural philosophers to require us to accept their expoundings of nature simply because they are authorized teachers, and in that character tell us that we must take their bare word for truth—not as witnesses of facts, which would be a *proper* reason for believing—but simply as having a right to require our belief of what they say, just because *they* say it. Now the enemies of Christianity—the men who reject it—are prepared to join the supporter of church authority: they know how easy it must be to overturn the faith of those who have *no reason* for believing. On this too much neglected subject we are glad to quote the clear thoughts and nervous words of Dr. Whately:—

‘In reality, as we have several times endeavoured to point out in the course of these cautions, infidelity, the absence of a well-grounded and firm belief, is among the chief causes of the present evils under which we suffer. *Men’s faith was not fixed upon that foundation of rational evidence upon which Christ and his apostles placed it.* No proportionate care was taken to make men’s knowledge of that evidence keep pace with the advance of their knowledge of other things; and then, when doubts begun to spread, it was sought to restore or to confirm belief, by appealing to the imagination and the feelings rather than to the reason. Those who hardly agreed in anything else agreed in dreading to take the safe course. While one party told men to trust the church on its own word, and the other to trust the Scripture *without one intelligible reason for believing it* divine, what wonder is it that so many have made up their minds to trust neither; and so many more are vainly struggling to maintain a firm faith without a firm foundation for it.’—‘Cautions for the Times,’ p. 494.

There is a third class of persons not less active, and not less influential than the unreasoning teacher of the dogmatic authority of churches, or the skilful opponent of a sound belief of the Gospel. We refer to those who repose on what they call *intuitions*, the self-sufficing consciousness of man: the spirituality which soars above such vulgar commonplaces as can be upheld by argument, scorns to receive any truth relating to the soul on any authority external to itself, and rejoices in the infinite, the absolute—the profound—repudiating whatever is definite in thought as contracted, shallow, mere logic, utterly unworthy of a soul that aspires to the *immensities* and *eternities*. They dwell, like Ossian’s heroes, in the mists that obscure the light and hinder vision: to them the broad day is an impertinence, because it reduces objects to their true proportions, and shows them *as they are*. They acquire what the Archbishop of Dublin, with his wonted felicity, has called a ‘kind of *nebular taste*.’ Their men

are *thinkers*, and all their *thinkers* are *deep* thinkers. They remind us of the man mentioned by Principal Campbell, who, seeing another bathe, asks—'Is it deep, sir?' To which the answer was—'Not deep; but *drumleigh* (muddy).' To such dreamy imaginative souls, we can well understand how unwelcome evidence must be. But we are seriously concerned to observe, in certain quarters, how their unmeaning phrases and cloudy fancies are struggling against the unalterable laws by which the human intellect arrives at truth. Their mode of dealing with thoughts and with words resembles the trick of the conjurer: with this difference, indeed, that the conjurer does not deceive *himself*; which is more than we can say of the men who fancy they have faith without rational conviction, and who discard the only means by which rational conviction and real belief ever have been, or ever can be, attained. If they intend, as doubtless many of them do, to supersede Christianity by something else, and to call that something else by the name of Christianity, then we are quite prepared to deal with them as we are in the habit of dealing with that very large, varied, clever—but not truthful nor honest—class of people, who call things by wrong names, and that for the express purpose of *cheating* honest folk.

We are sorry to add to the list of disparagers of evidence on behalf of Christianity an innumerable host of sincere, devoted, and honored Christians. Thinking it a sin, not only to doubt the word of God, or to insinuate that the Bible is not the word of God, but even to *judge for ourselves* whether the Bible *be* the word of God, and in what sense we ought to understand the declaration that it *is*, they shrink from inquiries of this order. They look with suspicion on all who freely, yet humbly, use the faculties which God has given, and the lights which he has provided for the guidance of those faculties, in searching, examining, comparing, discussing, the *reasons why* so much sacredness and authority are claimed for these ancient writings. We are sure that these estimable members of society would be startled were any one to tell them that *in this respect they* agree with infidels, with papists, with German neologists, with English transcendentalists. All the other parties referred to, of course, discourage the study of the evidences of Christianity. These Christians discourage the study of the evidences of Christianity. Now they do this either *with* or *without* a reason. If *without* a reason, we would ask, do you believe the Gospel without a reason for believing it? If it is for a reason that you discourage the study of the reasons for believing, we desire to know *what* that reason is. It may be good, sound, sufficient; but, if so, why shrink from giving it? And, if you give a reason for *not* reasoning on the truth of Christianity, how far are you from the borders of self-contradiction.

We trust, however, that this sickly prejudice is vanishing into the oblivion which hides so many follies of past times; but, by whomsoever it is cherished, truth compels us to say, it is a slavery, a superstition, a weakness, a hindrance to the gospel, and fundamentally, a *want of faith* in Christianity itself.

Holding firmly a judgment such as this, we are bound to maintain the position, that he who would recover from infidelity those who have fallen into the snare, or would preserve from such a predicament the many who are known to be exposed to it, must *himself* be master of the intellectual grounds of his own personal belief.

There is a mighty difference between getting up arguments on behalf of that which we believe irrespectively of argument—and to which our prejudice, our temporary interest, our passions, or our imagination, will insure our professed adherence, even though all sound reasoning were against it—and plainly setting forth the reasons why we believe, whether for the purpose of vindicating our faith from charges brought against it, or for the purpose of persuading others to agree with us. This difference is too often overlooked by Christian advocates. It is certainly not unfelt by the opponent, or the doubter. The objections of the one, and the difficulties of the other, would be weakened greatly, if not effectually destroyed, by *seeing the process* through which intelligent, free minded, and upright men arrive at a satisfactory belief of Christianity. If we were asked to point out the simplest process, we should probably answer by saying there are many; and the preference would be determined according to the mental *calibre*, the intelligence, the tastes, the circumstances generally considered, of the inquirer. We believe our present object will be promoted, not by going into the specialities of the several cases of which the types are now present to our thought, but by showing the true *direction* of all the paths that might be separately pointed out to various travellers in pursuit of the same intellectual satisfaction.

We must begin, thoroughly convinced that it is safe, with admitting that, if reasons for believing Christianity to be from God are not stronger than believing that it is *not* from God, belief in the divine origin of Christianity is irrational. We say this is a safe admission to set out with, *in our own minds*:—for, be it observed, we are not at present concerned with other minds; yet we could not fairly meet an impugner of the Christian faith, or a sceptic in relation to that faith, on any other terms; nor could either of them fairly meet us, without admitting, on his part, the converse of this proposition, which is, that if the reasons for believing that Christianity is of *merely* human origin are not stronger than the reasons for believing that it is not, the *disbelief* of Christianity is irrational. Our own experience in com-

paring these reasons, as fairly and dispassionately as we can, warrants us in saying that the balance of argument is so very great on the side of Christianity, that we could not believe what the *positive* side of infidelity necessarily involves without abandoning the convictions which lie at the basis of all our beliefs on all subjects whatever. Setting out with this fair admission, then, we recommend the investigation of the *historical* evidence of the *ordinary* facts recorded in the New Testament. It is precisely of the same character with historical evidence in every other case relating to time long past. And, in this historical evidence, there are some elements of high value.

It seems to have been conceded by advocates of Christianity, that the *historical* evidence has been weakened by the lapse of time. Our own conclusion, from laborious and repeated study on this point, is—the reverse. Every age since the beginning of the Christian era has brought to light *additional* confirmations of the facts recorded in the New Testament. In our own age, so many misrepresentations have been corrected, so many obscurities cleared up, by the researches which the works of unbelievers have provoked, that we have no hesitation in saying that we have a clearer certainty respecting these facts now than could have been attained at any time since the beginning. We have the *entire* testimony of the apostolic records, which are more critically exact, more thoroughly appreciated, and beyond comparison more extensively examined. We have these documents held as authentic on more independent grounds than among any preceding generation of men. They have passed through the severest ordeals. Their harmony with the remains of ancient history, and with monuments, stands out in the clearest light. All the objections, whether of serious lovers of truth, flippant scorers, ignorant haters, immoral adversaries, or subtle sceptics, have been fairly and fully met: so that all that disbelievers can now resort to is the repetition of refuted fallacies, adapted to the various tastes and misconceptions of such as have not been wisely disciplined in examining the reasons which sustain the faith of the most experienced inquirers. On these grounds we recommend a course of reading in the NEW TESTAMENT ITSELF, and then such works as most lucidly expound the proofs of its authenticity as trustworthy history.

We must, of course, advert to the *extraordinary* facts narrated in the New Testament. With regard to *them* we advise that these portions of the narrative be calmly read and strictly examined *in their proper place*. We know how easy it is to declaim against the possibility of proving miracles by any testimony—the commonness of the pretence to miracles among enthusiasts and impostors—the folly of expecting men to believe such statements

in an age of physical science and inductive philosophy: but, for the present, leaving such declamations to be dealt with at leisure, let the reader of the gospels simply notice *what* Jesus is said to have done, and compare the things he *did* with the things he *said*, and the sufferings he endured; and then let him yield to the *natural* effect of the whole upon his mind in its least disturbed condition. We venture to say that the natural effect is—the belief that it is *ALL true*. In support of the assertion we appeal to experience. It is only when the ‘signs and wonders’ are isolated from their connexion that they can be made to appear incredible.

By such a coarse proceeding as the violent separation of the parts of the most simply straightforward narratives in existence, we could raise objections against the best known relations of facts in our own day. As we cannot fairly separate any portion of the sacred facts, neither can we gain anything by doing so unfairly. What kind of a story would the first four books of the New Testament be without the statement of the miracles of Christ and his Apostles? Would it be consistent with itself? Would it account for the kind of interest that drew men around the Teacher of Galilee? Would it account for the malignant hatred of his enemies? Would it explain the undoubted series of facts which have inwoven the teachings of this Master and his disciples with the progress of all that is pure, sublime, and beneficent in the social institutions and the glorious literature of the modern world? Explain the acknowledged ordinary course of Christianity from the beginning till this present month as you will, there is more than can be accounted for without believing that *something* has happened *somewhere* which is beyond the range of our philosophy. Leslie’s ‘Short Method with Deists’ is a small book, very readable, and, it has not, to our knowledge, received any attempt at a reply. The well-known ‘Evidences,’ by Dr. Paley, is not difficult of access. We have before us, at this moment, several editions: one of them has been recently published, at a very low cost, by the Religious Tract Society, with an introduction, notes, and supplement, by the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A. Another edition, to which is added, ‘*Horæ Paulinæ*,’ by the same author, was published in 1849, by the Rev. R. Potts, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, with an exceedingly useful analysis in the form of questions. We are not aware that any answer, or professed refutation of this work has been published. We would add another treatise, in two volumes, published in 1829, and reviewed in this Journal by Dr. J. Pye Smith,—Sheppard’s ‘*Divine Origin of Christianity*,’ deduced from some of those evidences which are not founded on the authenticity of Scripture—a work of much interest.

It is only they who have mastered the great argument for themselves that feel aright the importance of a thoroughly convinced faith; and to such alone can we look with enlightened confidence as advocates of the Truth. Men who really believe, knowing *why* they believe, think seriously, speak earnestly, and are anxious to win the belief of other minds by arguments which they know to be sound, and feel to be weighty. For such persons we have many suggestions which we are compelled by our present limits to reserve for a future article. Several works on infidelity are now before us, well deserving to be widely circulated, in the review of which, early in the coming year, we intend to address ourselves to the consideration of the modes of meeting infidelity *in others*, after having become fully and rationally convinced of the divinity of the Christian faith *ourselves*.

Brief Notices.

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1. *The Footsteps of Immanuel on the Lake.* By the Rev. George S. Weidemann, Incumbent of Kingswood. pp. 289. London: Seeleys.
2. *The Incarnate Son of God; or, the History of the Life and Ministry of the Redeemer.* Arranged generally according to Greswell's 'Harmony of the Gospels;' with a Concise View of the Mediatorial Economy. By the Rev. Henry W. Williams. pp. 384. London: Mason.
3. *Scenes in the Life of Christ.* A Course of Lectures delivered on the Thursday Mornings during Lent, 1853, in the Parish Church of St. Peter's, Cornhill, London. By the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., &c. &c. &c. pp. 191. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
4. *Manna in the House; or, Daily Expositions of the Gospels—St. Mark.* By the Rev. Barton Bouchier, A.M., Curate of Cheam, Surrey. pp. 197. London: Shaw.
5. *Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament—St. Matthew.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. F.R.S.E. pp. 477. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

WE have grouped together these volumes, as belonging to one class, consecrated to the same sacred undertaking—the elucidation

of the life of Jesus. Dr. Cumming's volume is the completion, so far, of his pulpit expositions, which have been largely circulated in weekly numbers, with a view to the instruction of the poor. Besides explaining Scripture, these expositions allude to errors of the times, and, as might be expected, especially to popery, in the author's well known popular style.

Mr. Bouchier's smaller publication is brief and simple. It is evangelical, and practical, and well suited for reading at the hours of family worship.—The 'Scenes in the Life of Christ,' by Mr. Christmas, is a course of lectures written in a strain of soft and tranquil beauty, mingling luminous descriptions and tender touches of humanity with the true Christian spirit of adoration. In sketching scenes and commenting on facts, he does not keep back the apostolic doctrines, nor omit the practical enforcement of duty. He neither forgets the Saviour in the pattern, nor the pattern in the Saviour.—Mr. Williams's volume is very comprehensive in its design, and it has the advantage of following a *defined* arrangement, however imperfect. Its chief value lies in the Scriptural allusions with which it abounds, and, especially, in prefixing and adding those five chapters which—though not belonging technically to the life of Jesus on earth—embrace the themes without which the full significance of that life could not be understood.

Mr. Weidemann's book pleases us much by its pensive, spiritual, and discriminating application of *local* passages in the Redeemer's life to various portions of our daily experience, reminding us not a little of some of the best examples of German evangelical teaching. Some months ago, we briefly noticed another work on the 'Life of Christ,' by Dr. Angus, before these now mentioned came into our possession, and we take this opportunity of saying, that our estimate of its value increases in proportion to our acquaintance with it.—We cannot refrain the expression of our thankfulness, that the greatest of all themes has, almost simultaneously, been engaging the attention of writers in different churches, endowed with varied abilities, attainments, and tastes, yet uniting in the essentials of intellectual manhood and of Christian truth. It is no longer the reproach of the evangelical school that it loses sight of Christ in doctrines concerning Him. We hope that this Gospel will be held forth to all people with more and more simplicity, even as it was held forth by the Apostles at the first. Scripture Readers, Bible class teachers, village preachers, and Christians generally, will find in these excellent publications much food for thought, and ever fresh and lively incentives to that life of faith which is at once the only security for holiness, and the only path of blessedness on earth. So far as we know they are fair representatives of English pulpit instruction at the present day, excepting where the reason of man has usurped the place of revelation from God, or where the church is exalted instead above the Truth.

The Poetical Works of George Herbert. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. George Gilfillan. 8vo. pp. 328. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

THE former volumes of this series, containing the poems of Milton and Thomson, have already been noticed in terms of high and deserved

praise. George Herbert, though less known to general readers, is regarded with fond and almost superstitious admiration by a select class; and it is impossible to read attentively his pregnant sentences without sharing their feeling, and rejoicing that so genuine a poet and true a man, is in the way of becoming more extensively known and better prized. 'We class Milton and Herbert together,' says Mr. Gilfillan, 'for this, among other reasons, that in both, the life and the poems were thoroughly correspondent and commensurate with each other. Milton lived the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Paradise Regained,' as well as wrote them. Herbert was, as well as built, 'The Temple.' . . . Milton ranks with the austere and sin-denouncing prophets of Ancient Israel—Herbert reminds us of that 'disciple whom Jesus loved.'—Mr. Gilfillan's introductory sketch is full of interest, and will be read with very much pleasure. It brings together the leading incidents in Herbert's life, and criticises his poetry in the warm, genial spirit of a fond but not indiscriminating friendship. Judging from some of the mental characteristics of the editor, we had not anticipated so high an appreciation of 'The Temple.' Many modern readers are repelled by its quaintnesses and conceits. Its antique garb moves them to laughter, as the attire of our forefathers looks grotesque and repulsive beside the trim dresses of our day. Those, however, who give themselves the trouble of really knowing what 'George Herbert' is, will not readily exchange his company for the more fashionable and sparkling wits of modern times. We thank Mr. Gilfillan for the pains he has taken to insure the cordial reception 'of one of the most thoroughly Christian gentlemen that ever breathed.' Six such volumes for one guinea may well content the most sanguine friend of popular literature.

1. *Brittany and the Chase; with Hints on French Affairs.* By J. Hope. pp. 123. London: Longman and Co.
2. *A Love Story.* A History from 'The Doctor,' &c. By the late Robert Southey. Edited by John Wood Warter, B.D. pp. 116. London: Longman and Co.

THE former of these publications details the experience of a field-sportsman in Brittany, and will be cordially welcomed by all who take pleasure in such pastimes. It is written in a lively and spirited style, with the buoyancy of health, and the keen relish of country sports. Its political reflections—and there are such—are of the true John Bull school, with a dash of intelligence and good feeling not always exhibited by our countrymen. The work is mostly extracted from a journal kept by the author during his residence in Brittany, and is published at the earnest desire of some friends to whom the manuscript was shown. Though not marked by any very stirring incidents, it is well adapted to a *traveller's* wants, and may be perused with advantage as well as pleasure.

'A Love Story,' is, as the title page states, the production of Dr. Southey. As the Messrs. Longmans correspondent says, it is 'one of the most simple and beautiful stories in the language.' Hitherto it has been lost to the general reader, to few of whom the 'Doctor' is sufficiently attractive to induce a continuous perusal of its pages.

Now, however, the history of Dr. Dove's courtship and marriage is in a fair way of obtaining the praise it merits. The selection does credit to the judgment which presides over the 'Traveller's Library,' and we hope the publishers will be encouraged to do the same with many other productions which are at present inaccessible to a large portion of our countrymen.

A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England; or, the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By John James Taylor, B.A. Second Edition, revised. 12mo. pp. 330. London: John Chapman.

WE are glad to receive a second edition of this work, which we have long known and valued. It is distinguished by accurate research, an enlightened estimate of the great principles involved in the struggle of the seventeenth century, and a cordial appreciation of the many virtues which distinguished the founders of our Nonconformity. Mr. Taylor belongs to a very different school from ourselves; but the first four chapters of his work contain few statements from which we dissent. The last chapter involves more questionable matters, some of which are adapted to provoke discussion, and on which we may be disposed, on fitting occasion, to contest our author's views. At present, however, we waive this, and are content to do little more than point out the features of this edition, and to express our cordial approval of very much which the work contains. Its price has been reduced; the whole has been subjected to careful revision; all its more important statements have been verified, and its errors have been corrected. 'Several passages have been rewritten; and some amount of fresh matter has been introduced into the notes, which, for convenience of reference, have been removed from the end of the volume, and placed under the text to which they belong. An index of principal matters is now for the first time added.' To an intelligent and discriminating reader, Mr. Taylor's volume will prove one of the most valuable contributions of modern times to the elucidation of the religious history of our country.

The Artist's Married Life; being that of Albert Dürer. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart. 12mo. pp. 98. London: John Chapman.

SCHEFER's novels are not much known in this country, and they are too essentially German ever to be very popular. Their cast of thought, as well as the style of their composition, is national, and does not fall in with the taste and susceptibilities of the English mind. Their qualities, however, are attractive, and when well known cannot fail to please. He who merely glances at a book like the present, may cast it aside as dull and monotonous, deficient in incidents, and obscure in import; but he who prosecutes its perusal to the close, will deem it worthy of much praise, and inquire whether there are other productions of the same author. 'The Artist's Married Life' is constructed on the same plan as the 'Tales of my Landlord.' It assumes

to be an old manuscript entrusted by Albert Dürer to a friend, 'with instructions that it should be given to the world when all those to whom its contents might cause pain were no more.' The present translation is a literal one, too much so, Mrs. Stodart fears, though she adds in explanation, 'I could not avoid this without frittering away what appeared to me to be the charm and peculiarity of the style.' The work is printed in 'Chapman's Library for the People,' and will amply repay the labor of perusal.

Memoirs of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. First Quarterly Part. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

THE publishers of Dr. Chalmers' 'Memoirs' have done wisely in issuing this cheap edition of the work. It is to appear in three forms, viz., in eighty weekly numbers at 1½d. each; in twenty monthly parts at 6d. each; and in quarterly volumes at 2s. 6d. By either mode the *whole* work, originally published, in four octavo volumes, at £2 2s., may be obtained for 10s. We need scarcely say more than state this fact. Of the character of the 'Memoirs' we have already recorded our favorable judgment, and we contemplate, with unalloyed pleasure, the increased circulation which the work is now sure to obtain. This cheap issue will meet the circumstances of a very large class, amongst whom it is highly advisable that the healthful and stimulating influences of such a career as that of Dr. Chalmers should be exerted. The edition is printed in a neat and legible style, and will be cordially welcomed by many readers who could not purchase its more costly predecessor.

The Provocations of Madame Palissy. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' Post 8vo. pp. 241. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE admirers of 'Mary Powell' will need no recommendation of this volume. It is written in a similar style; and its narrative, though sometimes bordering on the improbable, never fails to carry along with it the faith and interest of its readers. Confidence may be tried—rather severely sometimes—but it is never destroyed. The marvellous perseverance of Bernard Palissy, his numerous disappointments, the half frantic efforts he made to compass his object, the terrible privations to which Victorine and their children were subjected, the scorn and derision of his neighbours, his feverish hopes, his worn-out frame, his partial derangement, and the unutterable joy of ultimate success, are depicted with a simplicity and picturesqueness which at once refresh and charm. In the outline of the history use has evidently been made of the materials collected in Mr. Morley's 'Life of Palissy the Potter,' and we should have been glad to meet with some acknowledgment of obligation. Nothing of the sort, however, occurs, which we the more regret, as it would have been but a graceful acknowledgment of the merits of that work, and might have been made without detracting from the favorable judgment which must be passed on this production.

Sketches of the Hungarian Emigration into Turkey. By a Honved. pp. 99. London: Chapman and Hall.

WE are glad to meet with a cheap edition of this work, which was written by a young Hungarian soldier, and was translated by Mr. Bayle St. John in 1850. The name of the author is suppressed for obvious reasons. The incidents related, though partaking largely of a romantic character, are 'perfectly authentic.' We have read the little volume with deep interest. It is a touching record, which saddens while it gratifies,—saddens by the spectacle of so much patriotism flying from its father-land, and gratifies by the personal escape of brave men from the remorseless policy of the Austrian court. The narrative 'describes, with animation and *naïveté*, the circumstances which attended the emigration from Hungary into Turkey of that small body of men who had previously rendered themselves and their respective countries illustrious by so much gallantry, and who have since been the subject of so many discussions, diplomatic and other.' The present edition belongs to Chapman and Hall's 'Reading for Travellers,' is printed in a clear and legible type, and may be procured at the low price of one shilling.

The Principles of Church Government, and their Application to Wesleyan Methodism. With Appendices. By George Steward. pp. xl.—360. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

MR. STEWARD is unknown to us as an author, but we recognise him as a preacher of great power, and a man greatly beloved in the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Until within the last four years he confesses he had paid no attention to questions of church polity; and he gives a plain solution of 'the superficial knowledge, amounting often to ignorance, of the disciplinary principles of Methodism, which so strikingly characterises both its ministers and people.' Having retired from the Society, but kept himself free from the strifes by which it has been so mournfully rent, he presents, in this volume, the principles of church government which commend themselves to his judgment. The popular element, he says, 'seems to me to be a scriptural and essential one in the government of churches.' But the progress of the late conflicts has convinced him that 'the pastorate of Methodism is in danger of regarding the people as of less importance than the system, and the prerogatives of office as of greater consequence than its work.' No one can read this volume without seeing how deeply Methodism, its people, ministers, institutions, honor, and success, is still cherished by the author, and how costly is the sacrifice which he has rendered to his convictions, in departing from its pale. We join with him most heartily in his expressions, both of opinion and of feeling, throughout the truly Christian 'Introduction' to the present dissertation.

We do not quite approve of the method on which the work is constructed. We think the generalizations on government might have been left alone entirely, or, at any rate, postponed to the 'Scripture Views of the Ministry,' which form the Second Part. It is not a question of the same kind as those which relate to civil and earthly governments,

but purely a question of revelation—What offices did Christ appoint by his inspired servants, and for what purposes were they appointed? The discussion of government, as existing in the world, we submit, is irrelevant. Neither is it philosophical. The discussion itself, however, is ably conducted, and on sound principles, and of course with a continual reference to the controversies which have arisen in the Wesleyan community. The results of the 'Scripture Views of the Ministry' are, that *the whole church* is addressed and dealt with as an organized body, each member participating in its government, which government is a harmony or balance of the prerogatives of office by the free 'judgment of the people.'

The Third Part of the volume, which relates to 'Methodism,' is to us the most interesting in itself, and will probably be felt by our readers to be written with more mastery of the subject than those which precede. The Connexionalism (federation of separate churches), Popular Phases, Polity, Anti-Popular Phases, Condition and Prospects of Methodism, are largely and freely discussed. According to Mr. Steward's showing, the polity of the Wesleyan Connexion is the *sole and absolute authority of the collective pastorate over all the churches*. In opposition to this polity, he asserts the *right* of the people to express their opinions to the ruling body. He argues strongly against the restrictive polity and inquisitorial scrutiny of the Conference. After detailing, in a way which nothing but personal experience enables a man to do, the evils resulting from the absolutism of the central power in Methodism, the author concludes that '*whenever, in the progress of society, and of a church, the exercise of arbitrary power becomes matter of contention and convulsion, it is no longer lawful, the whole economy of a church should be at once revised, and a balance of power substituted for the old régime.*' He shows that all the agitations of Methodism have been directed against the *government alone*. He insists on the necessity of the concurrent action of the pastorate with the church. No hopes of melioration are expressed, and the volume closes abruptly with this quotation from the renowned Richard Baxter:—'Brethren, I know this is a harsh confession; but that all this should be among us should be more grievous than to be told of it. Could this nakedness be hid, I should not have disclosed it, at least so openly in the view of all. But, alas! it is long ago open in the eyes of the world.'

Mr. Steward writes with great force, eloquence, and Christian temper, but not without minor faults lying on the surface, which a careful revision by a practised writer would have corrected. There can be no doubt of his intelligence, conscientiousness, and thoroughly evangelical spirit. As a contribution to illustrations of church-government, from a mind new to the subject, and trained to practical acquiescence in principles which, when he looks into them, repel him from the service of the people whom he loves, we commend it to the candid attention of our readers.

Historical Tales, Illustrative of the History of the Muslims of Spain.
By E. Brabazon.

THE romance of Spanish history began and ended with the lineage of its Moorish kings. They ruled over the richest land in Europe, where the climate is poetically sweet, where the abundance of the soil is marvellous, and where the harvest and the vintage were gathered in by a rural people, who lived in the last of the pastoral ages, while conquerors embellished the cities to a splendour unrivalled, except by antiquity. They called forth, also, the Christian chivalry, who warred with them in a struggle which has filled long epics with its achievements, and inspired heroic odes, as well as furnished the theme of innumerable passionate tales. In selecting, therefore, the Moorish chronicles as the ground of her picture and the vehicle of her moral, Miss Brabazon has fixed on the subject most rich in romantic suggestion within the compass of modern history. She has based on this a connected series of narratives, in which the substance of truth is lightened and ornamented by imaginative episodes, calculated, not to falsify, but to heighten the effect of the lesson conveyed by that magnificent and awful history. She writes in a fluent, pure, and pleasantly coloured style; she groups artistically the array of personages who move over the scene; she leads from one catastrophe to another with the art belonging to a practised pen; for it should be observed, that several of her works are already highly popular. We intend much praise when we say that this elegant little volume is one of the best kind for the perusal of young persons. It will fascinate, from its abundance of entertaining incidents, and will leave a good impression, from the excellent tone of the author's mind.

Life and Times of Madame de Staël. By Maria Norris. London: Bogue.

THIS is in all respects a most interesting book. It reproduces the character and history of a woman whom the philosophic mind of Sir James Mackintosh pronounced the greatest of her age. It is indeed matter of wonder that her works are comparatively so little known to the reading public of this country. We cannot attribute it to any radical antagonism between her sentiments and our national tastes, nor does it seem a sufficient solution to say that the translations of her works are bald and spiritless, and that the only one we have ever seen of what may be safely pronounced her greatest production—we mean her 'Essay on Literature in relation to Social Institutions'—can only be described as a hideous caricature of the original.

The volume before us is a production of a lady who evidently sympathizes most deeply with the character of Madame de Staël, and has derived a rich profit and a decided tinge from the study of her writings. Still it does not present us with a critical view of them, but it is confined almost entirely to a detail of the eventful history of Madame de Staël herself, and in the earlier portions of it to a concise and yet a comprehensive record of the great French Revolution. We are not in-

dulged with any of her correspondence, while, as is natural in a life of persecution and exile, we have but scanty notices of that brilliant conversation, which, had it been recorded, would have invested this biography with a more than romantic charm.

One of the leading points of interest in this volume is the light which it throws on the character of Napoleon. His fear of her talents; his hatred of her liberal sentiments, and the cruelty which ever accompanies moral cowardice and political despotism, are so conspicuously and truthfully exhibited as to remove him from the sphere of mere repugnance and detestation down to the level of that contempt which rightfully belongs only to the unmanly and the base. The volume before us will be read with great interest, and suggests afresh to our minds the desirableness of an elaborate English translation of at least the philosophic writings of Madame de Staël.

Hypatia; or, Old Foes with New Faces. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, jun. 3 vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1853.

WHATEVER emanates from the pen of the author of 'Alton Locke' must be characterized by originality and vigour, and to this the volumes before us form no exception. The scene of this tale is laid at Alexandria, and the time that early period of the Christian church when the doctrines of the true religion had to contend with heresies on the one hand, and with a kind of spiritualized polytheism on the other. To the latter class belonged Hypatia, the principal female character in the tale, a person equally distinguished for her beauty and her eloquence as a philosophical lecturer. She cannot be called the heroine, inasmuch as that term would imply a plot, which this work can hardly be said to involve. It is almost solely the delineation of a group of characters, with only as much incident as is essential to a narrative. The style is throughout vivid and sustained, and this gives the work all the charm it possesses; as both the time, the place, and the topics lie without the sphere of popular interest. Hence, while the performance is at once ambitious and masterly, it will properly command as small a number of readers, and excite in them as moderate a degree of interest as is compatible with Mr. Kingsley's name and fame.

The Revealed Economy of Heaven and Earth. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1852.

IN this anonymous work an attempt is made to give the *rationale* of the Gospel as a portion of the universal divine economy. It is pleasingly written, sometimes reminding one of Isaac Taylor's earlier publications, though we do not perceive that it has thrown new light on the vast theme the author has undertaken to elucidate: for we cannot accept his speculations in the last three chapters with the confidence with which they are put forth. There are minds which prefer the truths of revelation when translated from the Scriptures into the ordinary language of intellectual culture, so that they may view them

—apart from their *special* character—in their mutual relations with other truths. To this class the writer of this volume belongs. He entertains sanguine hopes of the practical impulse which the view he advocates will give to the spread of the Gospel. The time will come, we hope, when something of the kind will be realized. The reader will find in these pages the companionship of a comprehensive and well cultivated mind deeply imbued with the spirit of revealed truth.

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1. *The Religion of Good Sense.* 2. *The Key to the Mystery; or, the Book of Revelation Translated* (the 'Spiritual Library'). By Edward Richer of Nantes. London: John Chapman. 1853.

THESE small volumes belong to a plan, now carried out with considerable activity, to diffuse the principles of Emanuel Swedenborg. With much that is ingenious and amiable, their mystic fancifulness is ill adapted to the solid instruction of the popular mind, and the opinions they maintain appear to us to be very far indeed from the 'Religion of Good Sense.'

The Philosophy of the Senses; or, Man in Connexion with a Material World. By Robert S. Wyld. Illustrated by Forty-five Engravings on Wood. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

AN excellent epitome of the physical sciences, followed by a brief sketch of psychological philosophy, and the principal metaphysical theories. The author disclaims all pretensions to learning, and eschews all irreligious speculations. He writes with considerable intelligence and freedom, and we hail his work as a valuable addition to the popular literature of the day.

An Inquiry into Human Nature. By John G. McVicar, D.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

DR. MCVICAR is a vigorous and lively writer, who here presents the result of meditations pursued in the East, with a freshness that will be very acceptable to all who desire to enlarge their knowledge of the functions and operations of the human mind. Many of his views are striking and original, and the entire work is illumined with strong sense, and elevated by a healthy tone of Christian feeling.

Principles of Imitative Art. Four Lectures delivered before the Oxford Art Society during Lent Term, 1852. By George Butler, M.A. London: John W. Parker and Son.

THE student of the fine arts will find in these Lectures a learned exposition of the principles of the Imitative Arts generally considered, and specially in application to the several schools of sculpture, painting, poetry, and music; and every reader will enjoy the

advantage of much information for the guidance of his taste. We thoroughly agree with the lecturer in most of his suggestions for the culture of the fine arts as a branch of popular English education.

Scenes and Impressions in Switzerland and the North of Italy. Together with some remarks on the Religious State of these countries. Taken from the Notes of a Four Months' Tour, during the summer of 1852. By the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond. Edinburgh: Kennedy. The intelligent and pious observations of Mr. Drummond on what he saw during his tour, especially on the religious state of North Italy, have our hearty commendation.—*The Peak and the Plain.* Scenes in Woodland, Field, and Mountain. By Spencer T. Hall, the Sherwood Forester, Ph.D., M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman. We trace in this volume many pleasant scenes, and are so much pleased with the love of nature and of early recollections which breathes in every page, that we should have been glad to recognise in it the vitality of Christian sentiment.—*The Domestic Prayer Book; a Course of Morning and Evening Prayers for Five Weeks; with Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.* By the Rev. George Smith. Second Edition. London: Ward and Co. We are glad to see a second edition, much improved, of this excellent manual of devotion.—*The Times of the Gentiles, as Revealed in the Apocalypse.* By Dominis M'Cawslan, Esq. Dublin: M'Glashan. Mr. M'Cawslan writes, with much clearness and force, on a subject, on which it appears to be the settled habit to take for granted many things which, in our judgment, have never been proved.—*Christian Emigration to Australia; Present Duty to Christ.* By a Puritan. London: Effingham Wilson. A stirring pamphlet this! It expounds the theology of emigration in a scriptural, patriotic, and earnest spirit, and in language which betrays a practised pen. We recommend it to 'churches and to the heads of families throughout the kingdom.'—*The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant.* By George Gilfillan. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 251. London: Albert Cockshaw. We are glad to see a second edition of this work, which we warmly commended at the time of its first publication. The introductory chapter has been omitted, the history of the Glencoe massacre—originally an appendix—has been inserted in the body of the work, and the whole has been 'carefully corrected.'—*The Protestant Dissenters' Illustrated Almanack for the Year 1854.* With Portraits of Some of the chief Agents employed in the Promotion of Protestant Nonconformity. pp. 88. London: John Cassell. *The Christian Almanack for the Year 1854.* pp. 74. London: The Religious Tract Society. The Titles of these almanacks is descriptive of their character. In addition to the information usually contained in such works, they supply what is adapted to the classes respectively addressed. Of the portraits contained in the former we cannot speak highly; but what can be expected for sixpence! It would be better to omit such illustrations altogether, than to offend good taste so outrageously. We are at a loss to understand why the Bible Society, the Sunday-school Union, the Tract Society, the

Institution for the Education of the Daughters of Missionaries, and several others, are described as 'supported wholly or partly by the *Congregational Body*.' Such language is adapted to make a false impression, and taken in connexion with the *place* assigned to these societies, would seem to have been so designed. Such institutions ought to have been exhibited *apart* from all religious bodies, in order that their true character should be notified. If connected with any, some of them ought to have been associated with others than Congregationalists.—*The Scripture Pocket-Book for 1854*. Containing an Almanack, and a Passage of Scripture for Every Day, &c. London: Religious Tract Society. A useful and very pleasant pocket companion, which combines in a happy degree the interests of both worlds.

Review of the Month.

THE EASTERN QUESTION STILL OCCUPIES THE ATTENTION OF EUROPE. In our last number we reported that the Russians were allowed until the 24th of October for the evacuation of the Principalities; and the Turkish government subsequently consented, at the request, it is understood, of the ambassadors of the four powers, to extend this period to the 1st of November. In announcing this fact the readers of the 'Times' were again assured of a pacific termination of the contest. 'We have reason to believe,' said that journal, 'that this movement of the European representatives was not made without well-grounded expectations of a beneficial result, and, as the assent of the Porte to the proposition bespeaks in itself a desire to avoid extremities, we have good ground for confidence that this last effort in the cause of peace will prove successful.' Such language has been so frequently uttered by the 'Times,' that the public has ceased to have faith in its vaticinations. The oracle of Printing-House-square is either grossly ignorant or dishonest. It is deceived by false information, or knowing the truth it seeks to mislead the public. In either case its *authority* as an exponent of facts is gone, and John Bull must be far more credulous than he really is, to rely any longer on the views broached and the counsels given from this quarter. So far from the intentions of the Czar being such as were alleged, an attempt was made, during the continuance of the armistice, to force a passage up the Danube, which, however, was defeated by the prompt and vigorous measures of the Turks.

From its idle dream—if it be not much worse—the organ of Lord Aberdeen's policy was speedily aroused. No words of peace were heard from St. Petersburg, and the Turkish commander therefore proceeded, in accordance with his communication to the Russian general, to pass the Danube, in order to re-occupy the provinces wrested from his master. It is curious and significant to note the terms in which this fact is announced. 'It would be idle,' says the 'Times' of the 2nd,

'to waste strategical criticism on the movements of Omar Pasha, which are, probably, as involuntary as those of a rider whose misfortune has mounted him on the back of a runaway horse. Borne away by the fanaticism of Islam, he is probably forced to lead in order to preserve the semblance of command;' and then, with a generosity only equalled by the ignorance displayed, it adds—'For the moment nothing seems possible but to leave the fierce hordes of Asia and the wild chivalry of the Ukraine to satiate their mutual thirst for slaughter in mutual carnage.'

Something better than this, however, has resulted. The spell of Russian invincibility has been dissolved; the bravery and discipline of Turkish troops have been proved; the latter have learnt self-confidence; and the resources of the Ottoman government have been shown to be far more equal to the crisis than was anticipated. Several encounters have taken place between the hostile armies, in all of which the Turks have been victorious. So decided, indeed, has been their superiority, that some sanguine friends began to anticipate the capture of Bucharest, and a speedy evacuation of the provinces. In this, however, they have been disappointed. The rapid concentration of Russian troops, the setting in of the rainy season, and the unhealthy nature of the district, have arrested the advance of the Turks, and determined Omar Pasha to recross the Danube with a considerable portion of his army. It is highly significant that he was enabled to do this in good order and without molestation. The mode in which his operations have been conducted are admitted on all hands to exhibit the military genius of the Turkish commander in a highly favorable light; while their magnitude and the bravery of his troops have clearly disproved the allegations of the 'Times' and of Mr. Cobden, that Turkey is an effete and worn-out empire, utterly incapable of defending herself even for an hour.* She may not be able—we do not believe she is—successfully to resist Russia single-handed. Leave her to herself and she will ultimately yield, as the weaker must always do to the stronger. But this is nothing more than may be affirmed of many other states, while her present erect position and noble bearing prove that she is entitled to our sympathy and support. We verily believe that there is no one point in which her policy is not superior to that of Russia. For some years past she has been rapidly progressing, while her ambitious neighbour has been seeking to stereotype the ideas and usages of a bygone age. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater contrast than is furnished by the *manifestoes* of the two governments. That of Turkey, referred to in our last number, is temperate and dignified, strictly correct in its statement of facts, and absolutely conclusive in its exposition of existing treaties. The *manifesto* of the Czar, on the other hand, is one of the most insolent and mendacious documents ever issued, and is obviously designed for the atmosphere of Russia rather than of Europe. It supposes an amount of ignorance almost incredible even in northern serfs, and

* The Journals of the 25th report that a body of 12,000 Turks has again crossed the Danube, and entrenched themselves at Oltenitza, where they defeated a large body of Russians, who sought to dislodge them. The loss of the Russians is stated to have been 800. We shall be glad to receive a confirmation of the report, which is said to have made a strong impression at Constantinople.

awakens atonishment amongst other people by its audacity and recklessness. In this document the Turks are charged with the violation of treaties, with issuing a 'proclamation filled with lying accusations against Russia,' and the occupation of the Danubian principalities is represented as having been undertaken in 'the hope that the Porte would acknowledge *its wrong-doings*, and would decide on acceding to our *just demands*.' The leading powers of Europe are said to have done their utmost 'to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman government,' and, adding blasphemy to falsehood, the Almighty is invoked to bless the Russian arms 'in *this just and holy cause*.' No words can do justice to the atrocity of this document. Even the 'Times' is compelled, for the moment, to denounce its utterer, and the terms it employs might lead those who are unacquainted with the policy of that journal, to imagine that its conductors were at length aroused to the true character of the autocrat. 'We have thus,' says the 'Times' of the 14th inst., 'a warlike manifesto, grounded upon the necessity of securing "a faithful observance of treaties," without a single allegation in proof of such treaties having been infringed. We have a government, which for six months has been maintaining one continued act of aggression, taking credit to itself for its spirit of "long suffering." We have a confident appeal to Europe, after a European decision against the appellant. We have a grave resolution of an offender to punish an offence, and we have the whole of these unscrupulous declarations concluded with a verse from the Psalms! Surely, the verdict of the world upon such a proceeding may be safely anticipated.'

What will France and England now do, is the question uppermost in every mind. No member of the Peace Society has a deeper sense than ourselves of the horrors of war. We would do much to avert them—we would do everything, in a word, consistent with self-respect and the ultimate interests of mankind. That limit we verily believe has been attained. Diplomacy has done its utmost and failed;* forbearance has been misinterpreted, and the equitable demands of the Western powers are met by insolent self-will and a scornful appeal to arms. We wait, therefore, with intense anxiety to see what step our rulers will take. So long as there was any probability of pacific counsels being heeded by Russia they were right in abstaining from war. We have felt and said this, and some of our contemporaries have therefore deemed us lukewarm. The case, however, is now different, and England will lose her rank amongst nations, and will fearfully aggravate the struggle which, sooner or later, must come, if she does not at once, and in unmistakable terms, say to the Czar that his project must be relinquished, that the territories of his neighbour must be evacuated, and some security be given to the Porte and to Europe that their future interests shall not be jeopardized by his insolent and rapacious ambition. Better say this now, at whatever cost, than meanly evade the duty of the hour, only to incur a greater risk, and to make a more exhausting effort, at some future time.

* A new attempt, it appears, is about to be made to induce the *four* powers to interpose in such a manner as shall compel the belligerents to accept terms of peace. The tone of the 'Times' is become more decided.

THE THIRD TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH ANTI-STATE CHURCH ASSOCIATION was held in London on the 3rd and 4th instants. The meeting was numerously attended, and its proceedings were conducted with much temper and sound judgment. So far from there being any manifestation of indifference, or disposition to abandon the work of organized efforts for the liberation of religion from state patronage and control, the members of the Conference renewed their pledge to prosecute the work to a successful issue, and evinced an earnest zeal which affords good promise of future labor. The constitution of the Association wisely provided for a readjustment of its machinery at these Triennial Conferences. Those with whom the Society originated foresaw the possibility of circumstances so altering in the course of a few years as to render a modification of its form expedient. It was therefore determined that the Association should, from time to time, resolve itself into its original elements, so that any *form* might be assumed, and any mode of action be adopted, which the altered circumstances or enlarged experience of the day rendered advisable. In the present case it was well known that an effort would be made to secure the adhesion of parties who have hitherto stood aloof from the Association. With this view a circular was previously issued, bearing the signatures of 300 persons, in which it was distinctly intimated that the Conference would afford 'a suitable opportunity' for such modifications of the society's machinery and modes of action 'as will obviate the objections, and secure the co-operation of large and important sections of the community, already one with it in principle.' In this intimation we rejoiced, and readily attached our names to the circular in question.

In accordance with such suggestion it was recommended by the executive committee that the name of the Association should be, 'Society for the Separation of Church and State,' and various alterations in its constitution were also submitted, with a view of securing larger support, and of thus increasing the efficiency of its operations. On the former of these suggestions an animated discussion took place, an amendment being moved by the Rev. Henry Toller, and seconded by the Rev. J. E. Giles, to the effect that the name 'Anti-State-Church Association' be retained. Mr. Miall explained the views of the committee in the alteration suggested. 'We have made up our minds,' he remarked, 'that we must endeavour to adapt this Association to the exigencies of the times—to make such changes in it as will meet the feelings of those who have hitherto stood aloof, notwithstanding that they are attached to our principles; and to start afresh on our great enterprise, not as a new society, but simply as a married lady with a new name.' Mr. Edward Baines and the Rev. G. W. Conder of Leeds, with several other gentlemen, advocated an alteration, and it was ultimately resolved, on the motion of Mr. Baines, that the name should be 'Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Interference and Control.' We shall be glad to find that the alteration is attendant with the advantages anticipated. But we have our misgivings. We do not believe that it is the *name* of the Society which has prevented the adhesion of dissenters generally. There are other and deeper causes which have operated, and these will continue, we fear, to keep many aloof from its fellowship. As Mr. Giles re-

marked, the same objection was alleged against prior organizations, the names of which were confessedly innocent enough. We have no doubt of the truth of Mr. Baines's statement that the past title of the Society has been objected to by many, who are entitled, on various grounds, to respect and deference. But we do question whether their support will be obtained by the alteration made. It is in truth to the *thing* rather than to the *name* that objections have been *felt*, and while this remains, we fear that no active co-operation will be gained. We have heard the objection ourselves, but on probing the matter we have seen—or at least have imagined that we saw—reason to conclude that no external modification would rally around the Society any considerable number of those who keep aloof from it. Had we therefore been present at the division, our vote would have been given in support of Mr. Toller's amendment; but, on the decision of the Conference being pronounced against it, we cordially adopt the new designation, and shall continue to labor on behalf of a Society which we love, in whose origination we took part, and to whose operations we attribute a larger religious benefit than accords with the views of many contemporaries. We are specially concerned that the alteration resolved on should not be the occasion of any schism. We do not apprehend that it will be so, and if the future progress of the Society shows that the anticipations of Mr. Baines and others have been realized, we shall be amongst the first to rejoice in the adoption of their views.

In the revision of the constitution some material alterations were made, the most important of which is the omission of the declaratory principle. We agree with Dr. Foster, in the objections which he took to the wording of this clause, and think that the character and operations of the Society will be advantaged by the decision arrived at. It has afforded us the utmost satisfaction to observe that the *catholicity* of the Society is preserved intact. Had the result been otherwise we should have been deeply grieved, and must have abandoned the hopes we cherish. An object which can be attained through the medium of the legislature only, should be sought on a basis sufficiently broad to unite all classes of the community, however various their views, or discordant their general spirit. There is no hope of success, but as our object is sought 'without reference to sectarian or party distinctions.' We are also glad that it is recorded amongst the '*primary rules*' of the Society, that it '*shall not be held responsible for any acts or opinions of its friends or advocates not performed or expressed with its authority and sanction.*' The equity of this rule must be obvious to all, yet it is equally clear that the 'Anti-State Church Association' has not always enjoyed the benefit of it. Most unjustly, as we think, the Society has sometimes been held responsible for the views of individuals, and that, too, when much care has been taken to avoid the expression of an opinion. We have frequently contended against the justice of this, but the public, or at least no inconsiderable part of it, has refused to distinguish between the Society and its leading advocates. We shall now, however, appeal to its constitution, and the most determined of its opponents—unless, indeed, they are resolved on wrong—will be compelled to admit the force of our plea. In a review of the whole

Conference we congratulate the committee on the prospect before them. We should have been glad to record the presence of many new members, and shall rejoice if the few who attended prove the earnest of a much larger accession. The time for deliberation is now past. Action must be the order of the day, and to this we advise the Society energetically to devote itself.

THE AUTUMNAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES was to have been held at Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields in the third week of October, but was prevented by the prevalence of cholera in that district; the meetings were therefore held in Manchester in the last week of the month, too late for us to notice them in our 'Review.' The address of the chairman, the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich, on the peculiar aspects and advantages of 'our ecclesiastical system,' including the Baptist and Pædobaptist Churches, was a clear and able exposition of important principles, delivered in the spirit of the gospel. The public meetings on behalf of these principles, and of the Home, Irish, and Colonial Missions of the Union, were largely attended and well sustained. Peculiar interest was awakened by the public designation of the Rev. Richard Fletcher and the Rev. J. L. Poore, pastors in Manchester, to the work of the Colonial Missionary Society in the Colony of Victoria, South Australia. Some valuable papers were read on the Union's Missions, Chapel Building, Mutual Relation of Churches, Young Men in Relation to our Denomination, and the Religious State of the Churches, all of which were suggestive of valuable practical truths.

In the free conversations that followed the reading of these papers, two special topics were discussed,—the size of chapels, and the forms of worship. The first was introduced in a wise and earnest speech by Dr. Vaughan, in whose views we entirely concur as to the inexpediency of building large chapels, *excepting in those special cases to which no general rule can be applied.* 'I say that it must come to this, if we are to abide by the system of one pastor to a church; and it seems to me that this is a feature which we must adhere to in the main.' The second topic was brought forward by the Rev. Newman Hall, and enlarged on by the Rev. T. Binney and others—'the liturgical element.' That congregational churches should be free in this matter without losing their congregationalism is likely to be admitted by all intelligent adherents to our common principles; and that many improvements in psalmody and in the method of prayer have been adopted, especially in new and 'church' like edifices, will scarcely be doubted; but there are more difficulties connected with the avowed use of 'Forms of Prayer' than those who have not tried it are likely to suspect. Any wide departure from the long-accustomed freedom of nonconformist worship seems to us to be a doubtful experiment: the grand point is—to cultivate the simplicity and richness of devotional expression, which give so much charm to the 'Book of Common Prayer,' and still more to conduct that part of the public worship with the solemnity and earnestness of spirit which are, happily, independent alike of forms or of their absence. Dr. Pye Smith's 'Discourse on the Comparison of Forms and Free Prayer' may be read with profit by those who take an interest in such discussions. Some inconvenience has arisen from the publicity

given to the merely conversational remarks made at these meetings. Would it not be better to confine such publicity to the formal speeches of members? At Manchester the Union was nearly hurried, by the rashness of one member, into becoming a 'Church Court,' which assuredly it was never intended to be, and could not be without abandoning the distinctive principle of congregationalism. It appears that all large gatherings of persons belonging to one 'denomination' are in danger of speaking in a way which, to other 'denominations,' seems quite to amount to 'our society' and 'our church,'—an evil which, we respectfully suggest, requires to be specially avoided in the 'Congregational' and 'Baptist' Unions. As Editors of the 'Eclectic,' we should be glad if these two were one; but as they are not, we wish to be understood as addressing ourselves to both.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH ORGANIZATION OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE commenced in the closing week of October, with a numerously attended *soirée*. Besides devotional services and addresses, the proceedings of the executive council during the past year were reported, accompanied by expressions of sympathy with various religious undertakings by other associations. The cases of the Madiari and of Miss Cuninghame naturally occupied a conspicuous place. We sincerely rejoice in the prominence given at the conference to the state of the Continent *as to religious freedom*. It appears that in Sweden, in several minor German states, and even in Switzerland, persecution for religion is carried on in a most oppressive manner, not less disgracefully than in Tuscany. From the statements of Dr. Steane, and Mr. Brooke, a clergyman of the Church of England, it is evident that 'the authorities on the Continent appeared to have no idea whatever of religious liberty, as we understand the term.' The annoyances to which Protestants are exposed in France were attributed by M. Adolphe Monod to the priests rather than to the emperor. 'The great difficulty was with the priests. There were between forty and fifty thousand Roman-catholic priests in France, perhaps about the same number of monks and Jesuits, and men acting in the same way under different names; sixty-five bishops, five cardinals, several archbishops; and nearly the whole of them used their power against religious liberty.' The Irish mission was reviewed. Whatever judgment may have been formed on the wisdom of the mission, by Protestants either in Ireland or in England—and these were various—the reporter of the Evangelical Alliance regards its proceedings with thanksgiving, inasmuch as it had 'clearly unmasked the despotic character and aims of popery in Ireland, had been the means of drawing away many souls from its influence, and had furnished suggestions for carrying on permanent operations on a more extended scale.' The result of several motions for an Ecumenical Missionary Conference was—the appointment of a committee 'to ascertain how the proposed Conference could be carried into effect.'

The Conference was concluded by a public meeting, at which the value of the Alliance was shown in its having 'been the means of rescuing some from the hands of their persecutors, and of encouraging others in the endurance of the persecutions under which they were suffering.' Mr. Baptist Noel, speaking of the controversy respecting the separa-

tion of church and state, observed, '*The war must be waged*; but let it be done in a manner becoming those who professed to have only the glory of God in view'—a seasonable admonition to the disputants on *both* sides of this and every other controversy carried on by Christians. It is extremely gratifying to know that such observations are made, and respectfully entertained, in a union comprising so many clerical and lay members of the state church in this country. The *principle of entire religious freedom*, once adopted by intelligent Christian men, will work out the deliverance of religion from the control and patronage of every government on earth; and to every worthy effort for expounding and applying this divine truth we devoutly wish complete success.

AFTER MANY EFFORTS ON THE PART OF THE PRESS AND OF PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS, THE INVESTIGATION OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON has been intrusted to a royal commission every way competent to the task. The evidence adduced before the commissioners has hitherto been almost if not entirely of an *ex parte* character, and we cannot but think that the cause of reform has been damaged by the looseness and inaccuracy of the witnesses. Mr. Acland, in particular, the secretary of the Metropolitan Municipal Reform Association, appears to have been singularly unfortunate in his facts. His statements respecting the income and expenditure of the mayoralty were not only generally incorrect, but with reference to a recent occupant of the civic chair alike gratuitous, offensive, and outrageously wide of the truth.

The general evidence, as hitherto taken, refers chiefly to the following points—That a suspicious degree of secrecy attaches to the charters and the fundamental legal rights of the Corporation of London, which it is hardly necessary to remark was excepted from the wholesome operation of the Municipal Reform Act. That the enormous revenues of the city are administered with corrupt prodigality and by incompetent hands. That the administration of justice, though not in itself a valid subject of complaint, is only nominally conducted by the aldermen, and really governed by the legal knowledge and practical ability of their clerks. That in the elections to civic offices, bribery and corruption obtain to an immense extent. That in order to aggrandize their revenues, the corporation has systematically violated those statutes for the maintenance of which their powers and privileges were conferred. That the ceremonials of the City make its officers, from the highest to the lowest, legitimate subjects of ridicule; and that for these and other reasons the leading men of the City of London do not condescend to take any part in its municipal government; while the taxes, tolls, and fines, levied by the corporation, are alike injurious to trade and oppressive to the citizens, the out-lying inhabitants for a considerable radius, and to the commerce of the country at large.

The defence of the Corporation is yet to be heard, but, unquestionably, several of these charges are too patent and notorious to be affected by any ingenuity of explanation. The coal duty, as a tax upon a necessary of life, for the benefit of a single locality, is clearly at variance with those principles of commercial economy which are now ratified by

universal sanction and experience. In the all-important article of corn, a toll of 4½d. per quarter is imposed upon all that is delivered by water, which is not borne by any that arrives by land carriage, to the evident detriment of the maritime interest. This was paid on 266,000 quarters of malt and barley alone, in the year 1847, while, owing to the operation of this tax, only 86,748 quarters were returned in the year 1852. The gross receipts of the City are £355,367, besides the proceeds of the police-rate, and the revenues of the Irish society, of which no account can be obtained, but, doubtless, making a total of at least £400,000 per annum, out of which the enormous sum of £107,874 is paid annually for administration only. In the trust which is somewhat facetiously called the Conservancy of the Thames, the malversation of the City authorities seems quite undeniable. One part of that duty was to preserve embanked that portion of the shore occupied by Thames-street. Instead of which they have granted licenses for the formation of wharfs and warehouses, for which they have received amounts of money which are not known and cannot even be conjectured. A chancery suit was instituted against the Corporation by the Attorney-General, in 1844, for the purpose of compelling them to give an account of this part of their stewardship. Every mode of delay and evasion which the law admits has been resorted to by the defendants, but in every instance unsuccessfully; and though the suit is still pending, there appears no doubt that the final decision will be adverse to the Corporation. That there are many and glaring abuses in the municipal administration of the City has long been notorious, and there is little doubt that these are about to be effectually reformed. To what extent these changes may be carried cannot at present be foreseen, but public expectation seems to point to the incorporation of the great divisions of the Metropolis into several municipalities, and the assignment of the administration of justice to qualified stipendiary judges.

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